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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 1, 1951
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The SPHERE

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Vol. CCVII, No. 2703
DECEMBER 1, 1951

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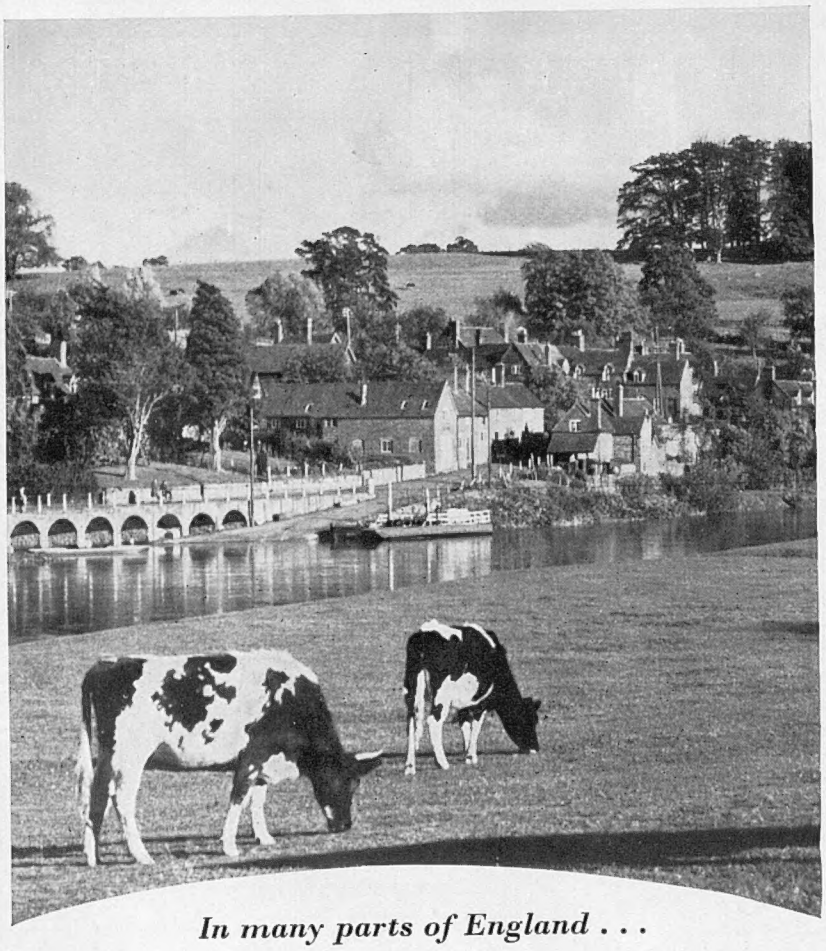

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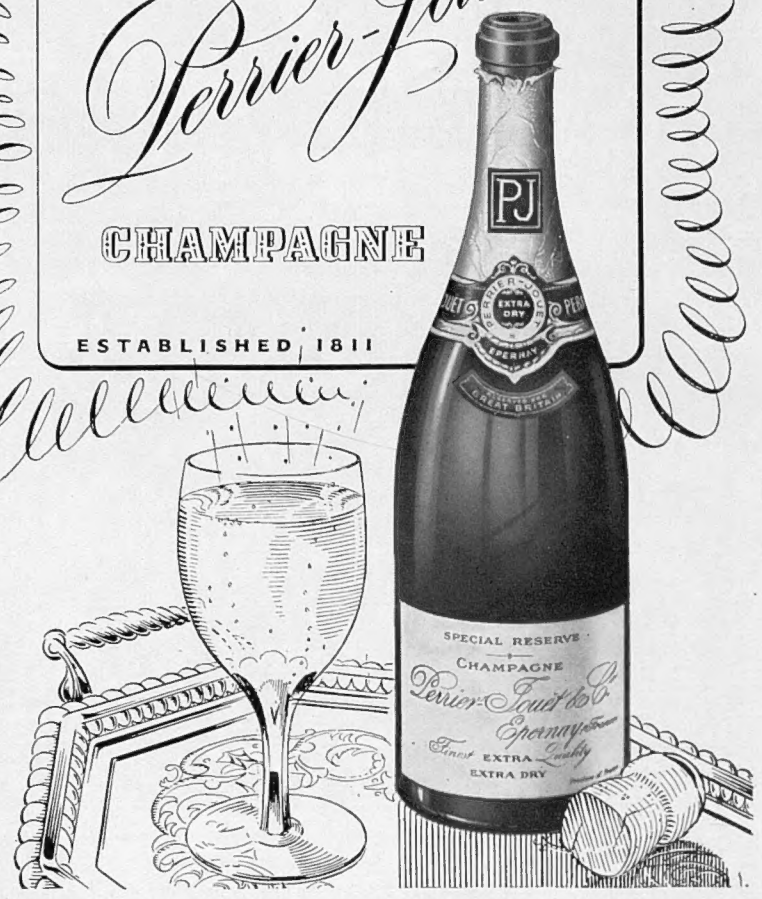

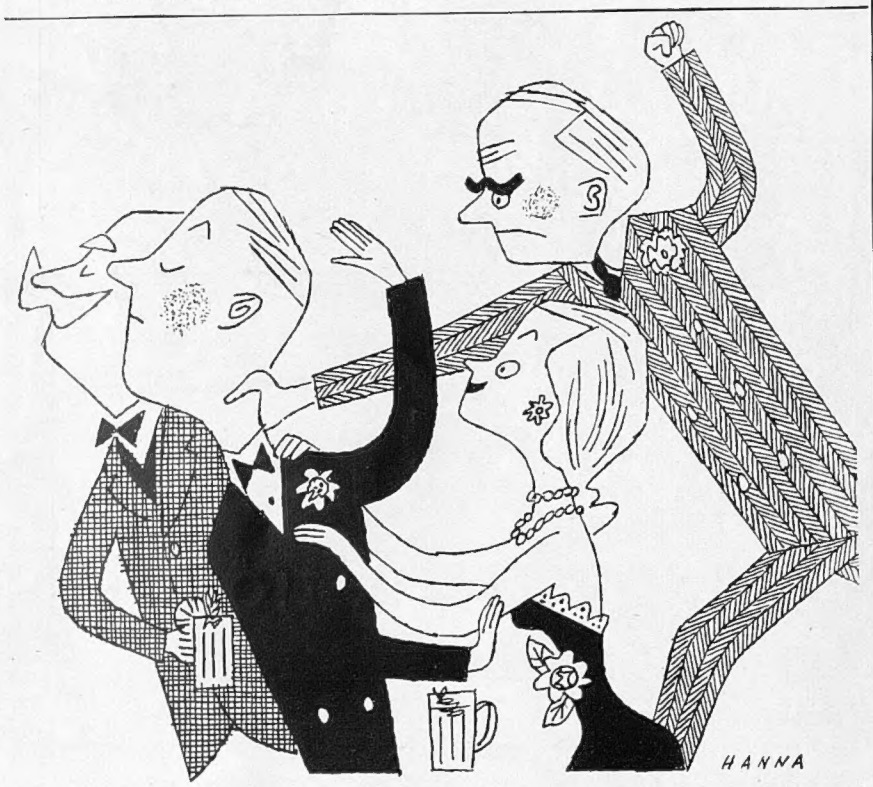

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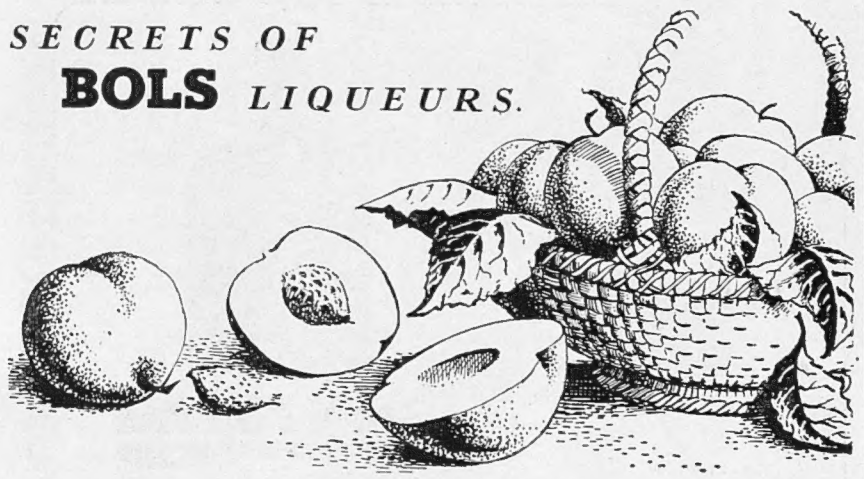

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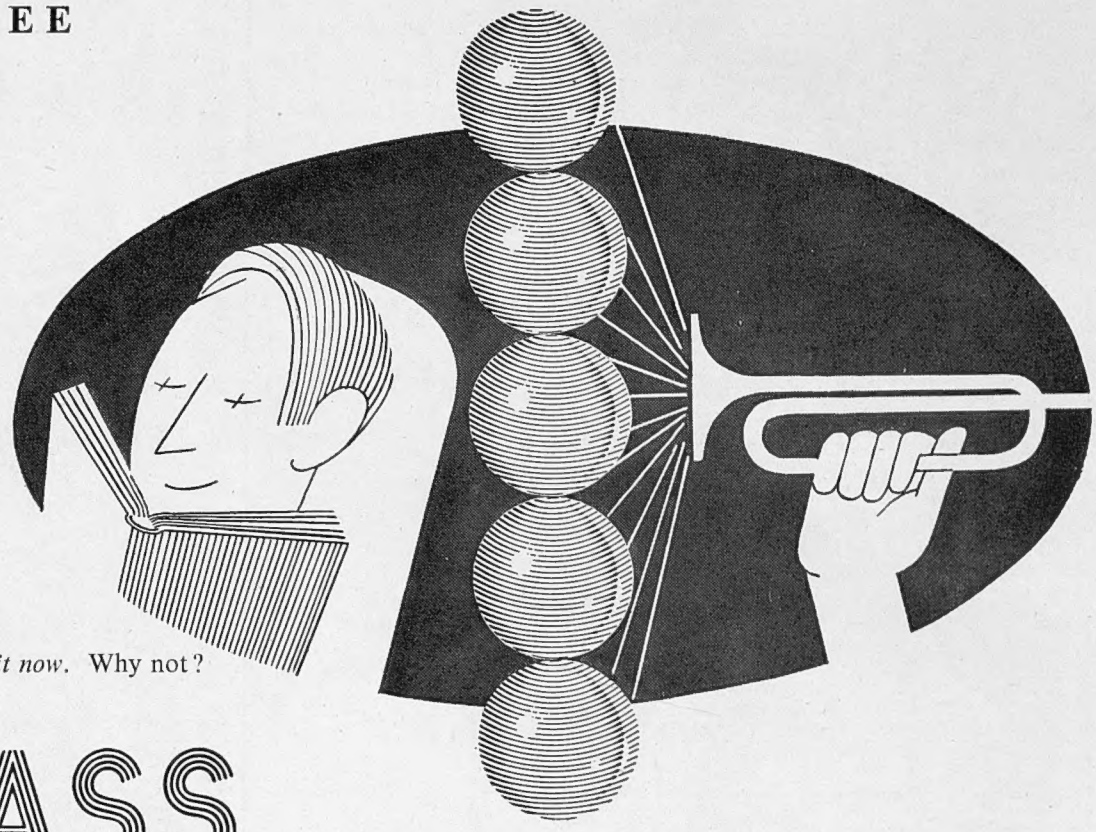

You're free (so you think) to settle down for a quiet read in your own home. The man next door is free (he supposes) to practise a bit of bop while the spirit moves him. *And you're both quite right!* Between you (on right) is a peace-preserving barrier —'FIBREGLASS' THE WORLD'S BEST INSULATION, MADE OF FINE GLASS FILAMENTS SPUN FROM GLASS MARBLES. In walls, floors and ceilings, it acts as a sponge to sound, absorbing all noise and swallowing up reverberations. 'FIBREGLASS', what's more, can insulate against cold, heat or electricity—and, what's more still, *you can get it now*. Why not?

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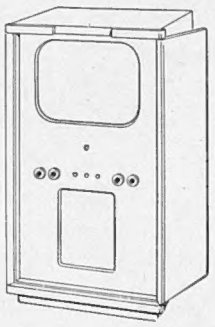

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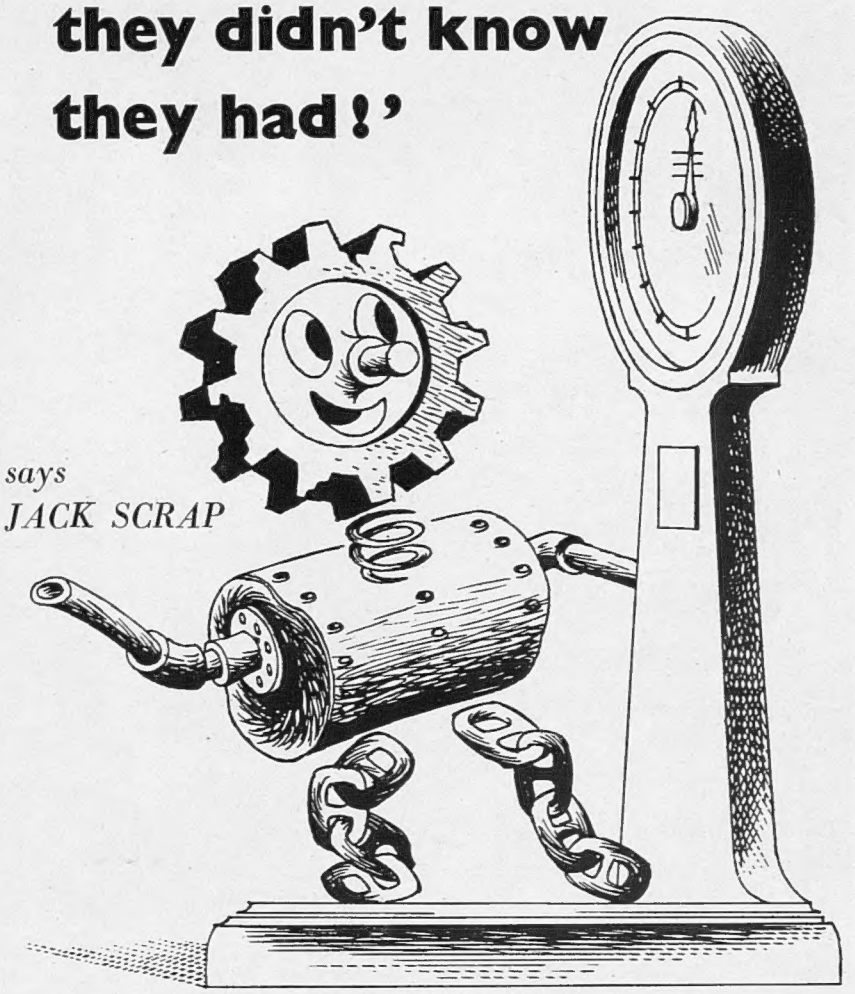
they didn't know they had!'



says
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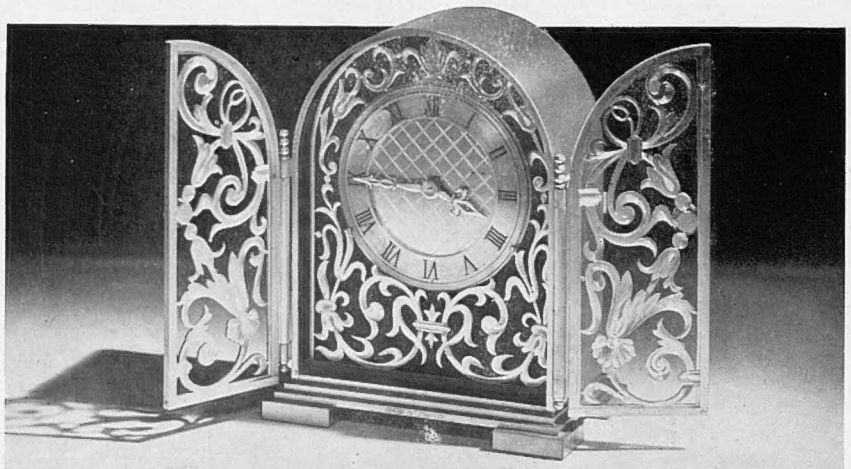
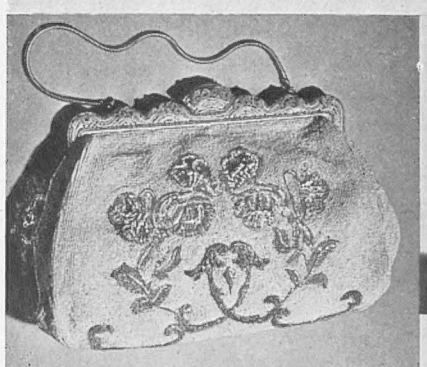
Six attractive suggestions for Christmas gifts



An unusual French 30-day gilt clock with attractive hand-pierced gates and front, on background of red velvet £125



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Volume CCVII No. 2703 The SPHERE, London, December 1, 1951

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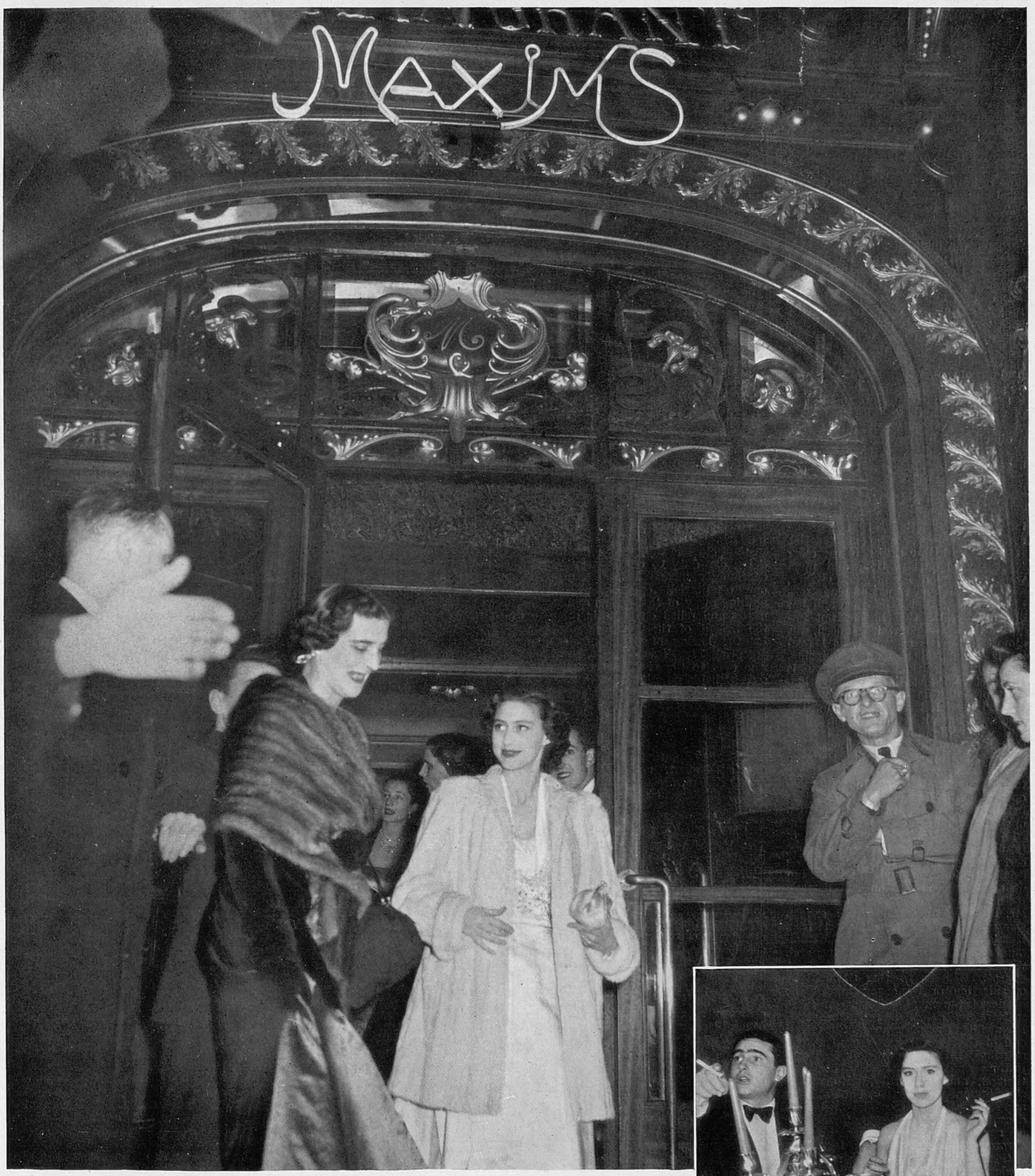
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



PRINCESS MARGARET IN PARIS — LEAVING MAXIMS IN COMPANY WITH THE DUCHESS OF KENT AFTER ATTENDING THE FAMOUS RESTAURANT WHICH WAS SO WELL KNOWN TO HER GREAT-GRANDFATHER, KING EDWARD VII : In the picture *inset on right* the Princess is seen at the Monseigneur night-club with Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia. This was the last resort they visited during an evening of gaiety.

Princess Margaret's holiday visit to Paris began with a number of semi-official duties, including her appearance at the ball in aid of the Hertford British Hospital, and ended in a round of gaiety. One of the highlights of her visit was dinner at Maxims, where she was the guest of Prince Paul of Yugoslavia. Others in the party were Princess Olga, wife of Prince Paul, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Nicholas, son of Prince Paul, and M. Charles de Beistegui, who last September gave in Venice what was described as "the ball of the century." Leaving Maxims at 1 a.m., the Princess and her party went to Jimmy's Club in Montparnasse, and twenty minutes later they raced across Paris to the Monseigneur in Montmartre. (See also pages 344-45).

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

Murderers' Field-Day.—

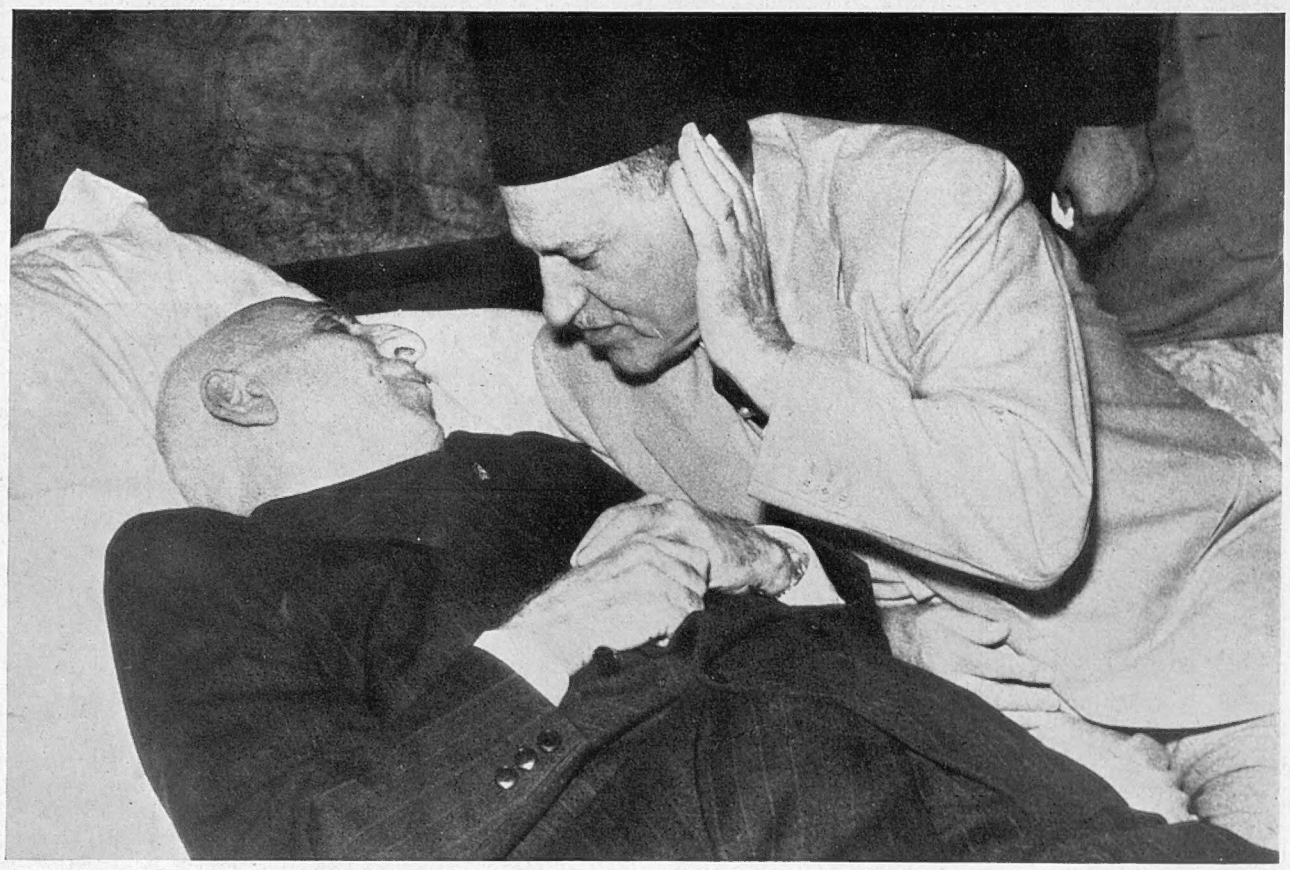
The British, of course, cannot claim pre-eminence in all the fine arts. In murder as a fine art we stand very low in the list, and peoples who dislike murder, rapine and assassination as a daily occurrence in their homes and lives, are very illogical, and even unjust, when they brand us as tyrants and do their damnedest to rid themselves of the last Englishman in the cause of freedom and nationalism. For freedom does not flourish under the mob-rule of assassins, in any of its forms; freedom from fear, freedom from want, freedom from unemployment. On the contrary, the citizen of Malaya, Egypt, Persia, or wherever it be, who is not recruited by the gangsters for their standing army, goes in hourly fear for his life, his next meal and his means of livelihood. The gangsters are to-day triumphant in all these areas. Their official leaders—their statesmen and kings—are the perhaps unwilling lieutenants of the gang-leaders; whether they intended to surrender their powers or no, they set the example by defying world order and the rule of law, and their example has set the crazy gangs, to whose pressure they surrendered for party political ambition, free to indulge an orgy of murder and rapine. And all under the name of freedom or nationalism, words of virtue once. And one of the proofs that we British are no great shakes at murder and thugdom is seen in our incompetence in the task of dealing with these evils, in Malaya above all. Perhaps we ought to recruit a directing staff from the criminal cells of our own country. A poacher makes a good gamekeeper.

Mr. Eden's Good Start.—

But in the fields of diplomacy and international relations, it is another sort of gamekeeper who is essential. He must be highly skilled in the older traditions of preservation, and must work by means of firmness and civility, and not with guns, traps and bludgeons. Mr. Eden has that experience and has already revealed that he has not forgotten the technique which, indeed, was almost lost. His argument, as I read it, is simple, lucid and convincing. The United Nations Organisation is the first and last hope of salvation. That organisation cannot permanently succeed until it is united, and until it possesses an ultimate sanction of a united force of public opinion and armed strength. But its unity cannot be achieved until its Western bloc is strong enough in armed force for self defence to persuade the Eastern bloc that co-operation with the Western will achieve better results, even for the Eastern, than obstruction and the cold war. Meanwhile U.N.O. is in decline for lack of results, perhaps for lack of courage, certainly for failure to concentrate on small beginnings and limited but definite aims. Later on will come a testing time of even greater moment. Mr. Eden does not believe in a sudden conversion or change of heart from Russia. But how to measure the minimum strength necessary to convince and, when measured, by what means to approach Russia, whether through the organisation or by a meeting of the heads of the great nations—on these matters he defers a pronouncement. Meanwhile, the diplomacy of England and of the West must concentrate on steering U.N.O. towards limited objectives and firm and clear decisions thereon, and constantly, with understanding and conciliation, but not with appeasement, to recognise what is decent and just in the "nationalism" of smaller nations while seeking to divorce such movements and legitimate national aims from mob rule and lawlessness. So fairly, liberally and persuasively did Mr. Eden put his case that Mr. Morrison was able to support him and produce a suggestion of national unity on a controversial subject which was as heartening as unexpected.

Secret Session.—

I have to acknowledge how slight is my understanding of our democratic way of life when I accept the verdict of *The Times* that Mr. Churchill was right in waiving his demand for a secret session on defence, if any large body in the House opposed it. For many years it has seemed to me that the public disclosure of our greatest weaknesses in self-defence and Western defence was a positive incitement to our enemies to boil up the cold war and to take time by the forelock, and even during the war I was not alone in thinking that in loyally doing our duty to our democracy, we enormously increased the strength of our totalitarian enemies who gave nothing away of their plans and weaknesses and relied on gigantic lying for the benefit of their own peoples and for the hazing of their enemies. In accepting *The Times'* verdict, I am not won over to the view that totalitarian secrecy holds no advantage in war and near-war times over democratic publicity in matters of strategy. I accept it that in this instance it was a right decision because party strife in these critical times is weakening and dangerous; and, more generally, that secret sessions in our Parliament, unless in the very article of war, are futile, because someone in Parliament is *quite sure to blab*.



THE PROSTRATE PREMIER—DR. MOSSADEK, OF PERSIA, LYING ON HIS BED IN A CAIRO HOTEL, WHERE HE RECEIVED NAHAS PASHA, THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER, AND DISCUSSED WITH HIM THEIR MUTUAL PROBLEMS AND SIMILAR ASPIRATIONS: In Teheran this flying visit to Cairo, made during the return journey from America, was generally considered to have been an indiscreet move, and in the Persian Parliament there was outspoken comment against Dr. Mossadek's action. Even so the Premier gained his much coveted vote of confidence, and this despite the fact that during his month in America Dr. Mossadek achieved no results whatever.

Home Guard.—

This was a Tory promise at election time, and I think was rightly fulfilled. The Opposition's chief criticism—that the force might be used for "strike-breaking"—was so rancid a red-herring as by itself to prove the general approval. The arguments for producing a skeleton *now* are very clear and strong. If war should come, the Territorial Force will form the bulk of our army overseas. There will be almost nothing else of military pretension available to deal with sabotage and airborne raids. The choice of area leaders and the training of local leaders and a definite scheme of swift expansion in the event of war are what matter now. The national administrator is already appointed, General Herbert, Director of the T.A. and Cadets. The area leaders are all important, and must have experience of warfare in 1944-45. Country houses to accommodate swollen staffs, liaison officers in red tabs, scores of typists and reams of paper are not wanted. They were a souring influence on the Home Guard in the late war. The right man, to organise an area and pick his local commanders and thrash out the scheme of recruitment and a training model, on Commando or Resistance methods and not on Wellington Barracks methods, could be usefully employed for a year to come, and cheaply, using his own house as a one-man office and his own car (with petrol allowance). I think the age limit of sixty-five is too strict. There is not a hope that youths liable for conscription can be allowed to switch to the Home Guard. If war should come, there won't be many between eighteen and fifty to recruit, and the seventy-year-olds will be badly needed; and many a septuagenarian volunteer is worth twice as much as a reluctant youth; to exclude him is to dilute enthusiasm and to cheesepare experience.

Thoughts on our Nature Reserve.—

Our first large-scale Nature Reserve, called Beinn Eighe, has been bought by the Conservancy. It lies at Kinlochewe, in Ross-shire, is bounded by Loch Maree on the north, with Kinlochewe on its eastern angle, and it includes the eastern part of that forest, dominated by Meall à Chiubhais—10,000 wild and lonely acres. Here roamed once the wolf, the polecat and the pine-marten, and here soared several now extinct breeds of hawk. The pine-marten still breeds there. The polecat is extinct as the wolf or goshawk. In a nature reserve presumably all forms of life are suffered to survive, if they can, against their natural enemies (other than human) and the stress of weather. The creatures prey or are preyed on, and manage to survive when men do not join their enemies. It is a comforting piece of news, but a nature reserve is not without its problems. There is no fence to keep vermin to its own territory. If pine-martens flourish, so do foxes, and foxes can play the devil on grouse-moors and poultry-runs. This fact is a real problem which must affect the adoption of local schemes of small sanctuaries for the preservation of birds and roebuck in the south of England and Home Counties, for instance. What remains of enchanting Harting Combe after the depredations of timber merchants could easily become a nature reserve by consent, for the purpose of saving from extinction the roebuck, now again threatened by ignorant and indiscriminate poaching usually without gun licence. But the fox would benefit most, and since every southern cottager is a poultry-keeper, the reserve would not be popular.

À La Carte.—

When I was younger and Time walked slower and life was easier, wit, both spoken and written, illumined our existence and sharpened our minds. There were in those days acknowledged wits and past-masters of drawing-room games; and the epigram, the *bout-rimé* and the parody went the round of a wide and discerning public. Of all these forms, the parodying of great writers called forth the highest skill and engaged the attention of great writers themselves. Max B., for instance. His *Christmas Garland* still stands supreme, its imitation leaves untarnished; and lesser men like Owen Seaman and Arthur Godley produced efforts still remembered. I should like to number among the masters of parody and wit Mr. L. E. Jones, whose *À la Carte* Secker and Warburg have recently published. This little book is crammed with gems of wit and philosophy. The perfect Christmas bedside book.

The Rains Came.—

Many SPHERE readers are interested in rainfall and weather statistics, and I therefore allow myself a brief tale-piece on the late inundation which made local history and brought our tiny sub-parish into the London news when some of its by-roads turned into great rivers and gave us a small idea of the Po valley disaster. It rained every day for twenty-four days (and now the glass is falling again in earnest). The heaviest twenty-four-hour fall was 2.39 ins. on the 17th-18th. By 9 a.m. on November 21 we had measured 9.22 ins. for the month so far, and just over 47 ins. for the year, so far. Already the year's rainfall is 4½ ins. above the largest recorded by me in twenty years in this area, and 10½ ins. above the average. Nothing to Assam, or, for that matter, Cumberland or Pembroke, but a phenomenon in a Home County. If we make 50 ins. for 1951, we shall be proud of our nasty record. THE OLD STAGER

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

LIEUT.-GENERAL ETIENNE BAELE, THE CHAIRMAN, ADDRESSING THE N.A.T.O. CONFERENCE AT ITS OPENING SESSION IN ROME : The thirty-six Defence, Foreign, and Finance Ministers of the twelve nations who have been meeting in Rome now have a clear idea of the military requirements of the situation in Europe following the addresses given by General Eisenhower and his Chief of Staff, General Arthur Gruenther. The keynote of General Eisenhower's message was that while building up an integrated army strong enough to deter aggression from the East, more airfields and more and more planes are needed, too. Mr. Eden made a notable impression at the Council's meeting when he stressed the aims of the Atlantic Pact. "We aim," he said, "not only at forming an efficient defence system. Our ultimate aim is to act together in constructive work. In the Atlantic Organisation all members are equal. There is no veto here."

THE BRITISH AND BELGIAN FOREIGN MINISTERS IN ROME : Mr. Anthony Eden and M. Van Zeeland in the Foro Italico, where they attended the North Atlantic Treaty Council.

ATLANTIC TREATY NATIONS IN ROME

PACIFIC CEASE-FIRE TALKS IN KOREA

OFFICERS OF THE COMMUNIST FORCES IN KOREA CHAT TOGETHER BEFORE ONE OF THE RECENT MEETINGS WITH UNITED NATIONS REPRESENTATIVES : General Lee Song Cho, of the North Korean Army (centre, in fur hat), is seen with Colonel Chang, the Senior Communist Liaison Officer (second from the right), and other delegates from the Communist armies, at Panmunjom.

SOME OF THE COMMUNIST NEWSPAPERMEN WHO ARE REPORTING THE PANMUNJOM ARMISTICE TALKS : They are examining the new conference tent which was recently set up and which is now used by the truce negotiators. The tent used formerly was said to have been full of holes and to have leaked considerably. Last week-end the most promising news for many weeks was reported from Panmunjom. Communist and United Nations delegates agreed substantially on the exact position of the present battle-line. Delegates had agreed that the present line shall be the formal cease-fire line, provided an armistice is signed within thirty days. In charting the battle-line the greatest difficulty was about the central and east-central fronts. Because of the mountainous terrain, the opposing lines had wide gaps between them occupied at times by one side and at other times by the other. The United Nations delegates proposed that surveys by helicopters would settle these differences, and the Communists countered with the idea of using horses for the purpose. At the time of writing most of the differences have been settled.

PRINCESS MARGARET DRIVES THROUGH PARIS AT THE START OF HER PRIVATE VISIT: The Princess is seen in this picture shortly after her arrival. She landed at Le Bourget and was met at the airport by the British Ambassador and Lady Harvey. On the evening of her arrival a reception was given by the British Ambassador.

VISITING THE EIFFEL TOWER: Princess Margaret on one of the platforms of the Tower. She travelled up as far as the second storey, and enjoyed a fine view of the city and the surrounding hills. The winds of the night before had swept the Paris sky clear and the sun was shining. Later Princess Margaret had luncheon near the Luxembourg Gardens with the Duchess of Kent.

PRINCESS MARGARET SPENDS A FEW DAYS IN PARIS

HER VISIT TO THE CHARITY BALL AT THE CERCLE INTERALLIÉ

The main event of Princess Margaret's visit to Paris was the charity ball in aid of the Hertford British Hospital. This was followed the next day by a visit to the Élysée Palace, where the Princess for the first time met President Auriol. On her first visit to Paris, in May 1949, the President was in Algeria, and when he paid his State visit to London in March of last year the Princess was ill. After the meeting with the President, Princess Margaret's visit assumed a private character. One of her afternoon excursions was to the regular fashion show of M. Christian Dior, the famous fashion designer, where she inspected a number of dresses for formal wear. Princess Margaret left Paris last Saturday, returning to London by air.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE ROOFTOPS OF PARIS: Princess Margaret holds tightly to her hat as she takes in the magnificent sweep of the city to which she was paying what was essentially a private visit. The Princess was accompanied in Paris by her Lady-in-Waiting, Miss Jennifer Bevan, by Lady Jane Rankin, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, and by Captain Oliver Dawnay, who is the Queen's Private Secretary.

AFTER ATTENDING A RECEPTION GIVEN BY THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR IN PARIS: The Princess seen on her first evening in the French capital. During her round of visits in Paris Princess Margaret dined with Sir Duff Cooper, the former British Ambassador, and Lady Diana Cooper at their house at Chantilly.

THE PRINCESS AT THE CERCLE INTERALLIÉ, WHERE SHE ATTENDED THE BALL IN AID OF THE HERTFORD BRITISH HOSPITAL : The Princess is seen as she arrived at the ball, and (*on right*) when dancing with Prince Charles de Beauveau Craon. The Princess's party included the Duc de Lincourt, Prince Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, M. Bernard François Poncet and M. Jean François Poncet, sons of the French High Commissioner in Germany.

ARRIVING AT THE BALL IN COMPANY WITH THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR : Princess Margaret and Sir Oliver Harvey at the Cercle Interallié, where they were photographed with some of the 1,000 guests who attended this function in aid of the Hertford British Hospital. The Princess wore a white organdie dress with mother-of-pearl embroidery. She was warmly cheered as she arrived by car from the Embassy and ascended the staircase with the British Ambassador. On either side Republican Guards in full-dress stood to attention with drawn swords. Princess Margaret opened the ball with Sir Oliver. While in Paris she also visited the Hertford hospital.

A "SPHERE" SURVEY

A RECORD OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD

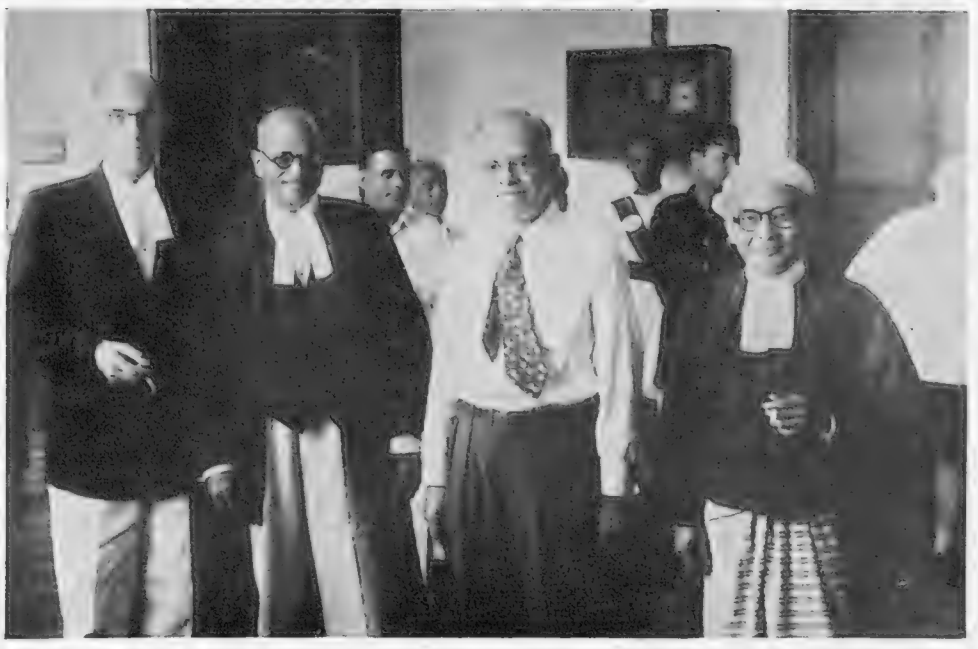
A RAILROAD TRAGEDY IN THE UNITED STATES: Surveying the wreckage at Wyuta, near Evanston, Wyoming, where two streamlined passenger trains, the *City of San Francisco* and the *City of Los Angeles*, collided in a driving snowstorm. Eighteen persons were killed and more than 100 were injured in what has been one of the most serious crashes in recent years on the Transcontinental routes. Urban train disasters in the New York area have been on a much larger scale, and have been arousing deep public concern. Last November, seventy-six people lost their lives on Thanksgiving Eve on the Long Island railroad, and this was followed by another big accident in New Jersey.

THE DRAMATIC MERGER OF THE MORRIS AND AUSTIN FIRMS: Lord Nuffield (left), of Morris Motors Ltd., and Mr. Leonard Lord, chairman and managing director of Austins, seen together after the announcement of a complete financial merger between the two companies. The assets of the combined companies will amount to nearly £66,000,000, making the new concern the largest in the British motor trade and facilitating, it is hoped, the whole business of motor export. The two companies will retain their separate identities and Austin and Morris vehicles will be produced as before. The amalgamation will be carried out by the formation of a holding company with an authorised capital of £5,000,000. This will ask present shareholders to exchange their holdings for an equivalent number of its own 5s. shares. Lord Nuffield, seventy-four, chairman of Morris Motors, will be the first chairman of the new concern. Mr. L. P. Lord, fifty-four, chairman and managing director of Austins, will be deputy chairman and managing director. The new holding company will control the production and marketing of nearly 50 per cent. of all the private cars made in Britain

EXPLOSIONS WRECK A MINES DUMP AT THE DANISH NAVAL MUNITION DEPOT IN COPENHAGEN: *Above* and *inset above right*—Rescue work at the Holman naval station depot after the disaster last week, when sixteen men were killed and seventy-nine wounded. The fire, which started in a small way when a petrol tank caught alight, quickly spread to a newly-arrived consignment of eight American mines. Thirteen of the killed were firemen, who were on the spot to deal with the first outbreak, and the chief of the fire brigade has blamed the Navy Department for not warning his men of the proximity of the mines. The explosions were heard 20 miles from Copenhagen and thousands of windows in the city were broken. The Quintus Bastion, part of the depot near the entrance to the port, was wrecked.

TEN PEOPLE DIE IN AN EXPLOSION AT BRISTOL: These pictures show some of the damage caused by the explosion last week-end of a petrol tanker, which was discharging petrol into an underground tank at a garage in Bristol. *On left*—A scene reminiscent of wartime "incidents." Firemen search the wreckage for survivors. *On right*—Examining the battered remains of a motor-cycle destroyed in the explosion. In the background firemen are trying to control the fire spread by flaming petrol. People were trapped in a basement when the garage, together with two flats above it, collapsed in the explosion. A crater of 25 ft. circumference was all that was left of the underground tank and for 200 yards around the site of the explosion windows and doors of other buildings had been blown in. Apart from the ten deaths, fifteen people were injured.

MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION, COLDSTREAM GUARDS, PREPARE TO EMBARK ON H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS" EN ROUTE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST: This picture, taken from Nelson's flagship *Victory* at Portsmouth, shows the troops marching to the great carrier, seen in the background, to put their rifles on board. The soldiers marching in the opposite direction have done this and are on their way to board the ship by another gangway.



THE ACQUITTAL OF THE BURMA SURGEON: *Left*—The three Supreme Court justices who recently heard the appeal of Dr. Gordon S. Seagrave in Rangoon and acquitted him of charges of treason. He had been accused of aiding Burmese rebels with medical supplies. *Right*—Dr. Seagrave (wearing spotted tie) with his English and his Indian counsel and the former Supreme Court judge U Kyaw Myint, who gave his services free of charge to defend the doctor. Dr. Seagrave has spent more than twenty-five years in the Far East. He saved many lives during the Bataan "death march," and is the author of a best-selling book entitled *Burma Surgeon*.

" Oh, Christ ! it is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land :
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree !
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand ! "

PORTUGAL and the COST of LIVING

A Land Which Has Established a World Lead

By FERDINAND TUOHY

LINES from " Childe Harold's Pilgrimage " which set us aptly on our way to consideration of how Portugal is the only country in Europe—for aught I know, in the world—where the cost of living is being stabilised. Not only that : it went *down* between the accepted proper base year, 1947, and mid-1951.

Here is the otherwise upward tale as supplied in statistics which have been issued by the International Monetary Fund :

	Per cent.		*Per cent.*
France	+120	Belgium	+20
Netherlands	+ 34	United States	+16
Sweden	+ 26	Italy	+13
United Kingdom	+ 24.5	Eire	+13
Denmark	+ 22.5	Switzerland	+ 5.8
		Portugal	— 2

Even while Lisbon is being transformed into a pulsating " world capital " on a par with famed cities in both hemispheres, the cost of living there oscillates but little. It was practically the same this September, as last. Retail prices showed a rise of 3 per cent. during the twelvemonth.

To achieve this there had to be a return to " forms of intervention " (controls), because prices had begun to rise seriously earlier in the year. Two main factors were responsible : (1) the rise in the cost of raw materials and the essential goods which Portugal imports ; (2) the increase in money circulation. This is caused by an increase in quantity or value of Portugal's main exports such as cork, sardines, wolfram ore, tin ore, rosin and turpentine, dyed and printed materials.

THE STRONG MAN OF PORTUGAL—DR. ANTONIO DE OLIVEIRA SALAZAR, PRIME MINISTER OF PORTUGAL, AND ARCHITECT OF HER ECONOMIC FORTUNES : At the time of the coup d'état of 1926, the triumvirate which overthrew President Machado called on Dr. Antonio Salazar, then Professor of Economics at Coimbra University, to take the portfolio of Minister of Finance and reorganise the nation's finances. Dr. Salazar was retained by General Carmona when the latter became Head of State and was increasingly entrusted with the direction of affairs, culminating in his appointment as Prime Minister in July 1932 and the introduction of the Estado Novo (New State) on corporative lines, which forms the basis of the present Portuguese political system. Thereafter Dr. Salazar (who has held uninterrupted office as Prime Minister for nineteen years) became responsible for the general direction of administration, while the President confined himself largely to his conventional functions as Head of State. Dr. Salazar was born in April 1889 and educated at Coimbra. His public appearances are very rare and he lives a life of marked austerity.

The Byronic vision of a land smiled upon by Nature came at the bountiful mouth of the Tagus. Up-country the picture was and is different. There is comparative plenty where fruits, vegetables, fish and olive oil abound, but over wide stretches the soil is barren and ungrateful ; hence a good deal of that ' deplorable Porguguese poverty " which occupies the forefront in the case of visitors who bridle at authoritative rule and get in any crack they can at it.

The Portuguese lead in the cost-of-living contest may be traced in origin to retrenchment and the favourable bargaining position in which Portugal found herself during the war. It has been won in the first place by rendering the country self-sufficing in food, except for wheat.

In good years up to 75 per cent. of the wheat is grown at home, but in bad years as much as 50 per cent. may have to come from over the Atlantic. Otherwise, a forward agricultural and irrigation policy, in which Britain plays the chief foreign part, is delivering the goods.

Many goods like bread, meat, butter, milk, sugar, petrol and clothing have prices fixed by the Government—in this case probably by one man, Dr. Salazar, former professor of economics, who comes down on profiteers, though not as heavily, apparently, as large numbers of the public would like. Other items not imperative have " free " prices, and it is the dealing in suchlike that gives to a place like Lisbon its air of luxury spending.

As in most other capitals, there are too many rich in Lisbon beside too many poor, though the happy-go-lucky layer of the Portuguese proletariat, caring not a jot for appearances, suggests a wider gap than actually exists.

Judged by British working-class food, the eating standard for Portuguese workers may be viewed as low. Many rely on cabbage soups, maize or barley bread, dried, salted codfish and ubiquitous rice. But I refuse to banish from the mind the abounding fruit and wine, and yes, sunshine too, which support this plain fare ; nor that practically everything is unrationed except rice and sugar, for each of which there is a quality ration and a standard price.

The Government is also helped by something else, by an intangible which was conveyed by a member of the British colony in Oporto, in a letter to the *Observer*.

" It should be remembered [wrote this eye-witness of long standing] that the Portuguese are a deeply spiritual and religious nation that does not judge ' progress ' purely from the material welfare point of view, as is increasingly the case, unfortunately, in so many countries. The happiness and contentment one sees among so many of the working classes, so unaccountable to many visitors to Portugal, is largely due to this great quality which does not breed class hatred because it rests on something deeper."

Critics from the North may recoil from what they envisage as a " backward area," but more songs and laughter come from its peasants, however poor, more carefree living zest, than are to be found in many a " forward area." Apart from which, I find it difficult to reconcile the following, culled from our Labour newspaper, with the concept of a " backward area " :—

" One of the more notable enterprises in Portugal's development plan is already well advanced—the building of economic houses for the workers in green-belt garden cities around Lisbon and other cities and towns. Each has a garden and light, airy modern rooms. Craftsmen provide excellent furniture and household goods. Dyed striped blankets from the North give an air of gaiety and beauty to the most modest house, and Portuguese pottery is hard to beat for beauty combined with utility."

Previously this correspondent had written that electricity was gradually winning the war against old-fashioned stoves, and that refrigerators were solving the summer food problem.

The broad fact is that many new housing estates have been completed, public gardens have been laid out, and cities once notorious for their filth are now no less conspicuous for their cleanliness and good drainage. This is notably so in Oporto, where British enterprise " owns " the Douro's Port wine as once it " owned " Abadan's oil, and is staying on amid general approval.

Britain has had much to do with the second element to stabilise Portuguese living costs : British-built power stations have already enabled two cuts in electricity cost to be made to the public and industry. The Zerere Dam, the opening of which occasioned the late President Carmona's last public appearance early this year, provides cheap hydro-electric power for wide areas of the country, both for industry and home.

If drought-ridden Portugal, with a potential agricultural area of 20,000 square miles, should one day become a land of green valleys and lush meadows, she will owe a lot to British turbines and engineering. This month will see the latest addition in the shape of a £1,000,000 bridge at Villafranca. But British enterprise has left its mark from the most modern of hospitals to the biggest slaughter-house in the world ! To say nothing of a new merchant fleet built mostly in British yards.

Marshall Aid has also helped. Where farmlands however big used to be worked by hand, more and more tractors are now being imported.

Thirdly, the Salazar Government looks to the Portuguese Colonies to help the Mother Country in its wrestle with living costs. This aspect should show increasing returns as big plans for communications and irrigation in Portugal's potentially rich African Empire come to fruition.

Fourthly, a matter of principle operates in stabilising prices. The permanent Premier believes that a better return, both immediate and future, is to be had from spending funds on economic development than on social security. He is out to eradicate the causes of poverty in preference to palliating its symptoms by the methods of the Welfare State.

As far as that sort of thing goes, there is obligatory health insurance, and industrial and agricultural workers are organised in State-sponsored syndicates. One strength of the syndicalist State is that it has added amenity to a country essentially poor and rural. At the same time the lamentably high rate of illiteracy has fallen by half.

It has been well said that Portugal's regime descends from the benevolent despotism of the late eighteenth century and has little to do with contemporary forms of dictatorship, with their dishonest façades of popular consent. Dr. Salazar has been likened to a Nannie who doesn't think her charge is yet fit to be out of guiding strings but genuinely hopes that day will come before she goes.

What our Socialists overlook, in wanting all to follow on—follow on, or cease to count—is that Salazar probably suits the Portuguese temperament far more than they do, despite all their " rights " and class privileges.

Compare Salazar with Hitler, Stalin, and their disciples, and several things are missing. There is an absence in Portugal of bogus nationalism, as of martial swagger and glorying in Party uniform and parades. You wait in vain for emphasis on demagogic oratory. No phoney totalitarian folk-lore is shoved down the Portuguese gullet. Purges are almost gentlemanly affairs by comparison with Farthest Left. Torture is unknown and detention camps thinner than one would think possible under any dictatorship.

Salazar's " New State " makes no attempt to steam-roller the individual. Its methods of government are surprisingly flexible. The effect of Dr. Salazar on Portugal has, in fact, been compared with the effect of Dr. Arnold on English Public Schools. Before Arnold, freedom did indeed rule, though it sometimes lapsed into anarchy, while any sense of purpose was haphazard. After Arnold, there was order and schools multiplied and prospered but individuality suffered by a hampering rigidity.

As is the way when Authority takes on too big an A, Dr. Salazar has created a vacuum around him, and to-day not more than three men in his Government are considered up to the average Minister in other lands.

Yet this same Salazar has brought a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity to his native land.

What amuses me is the barring of Portugal from the Council of Europe, but not from the Atlantic Pact (N.A.T.O.). Are not each imbued with the same democratic ideals ? And why do the great democracies sponsor Portugal's application for membership of the U.N. if she be deemed unsuitable for sending representatives to Strasbourg ?

Doubtless the answer is that Strasbourg deals only in democratically-elected M.P.s and that Salazar's kind, though chosen in free elections every five years, are considered to be Doctored.

Isn't it time we thought again about these dictators, forbearing to put the mild in the same *galère* as the tyrannical ?

THE WAY of the "EAGLE"

Britain's Biggest Aircraft-carrier Goes Down to the Sea for Trials

H.M.S. *Eagle*, Britain's newest and biggest aircraft-carrier, and the twenty-first ship of the Royal Navy to bear the name, has recently been undergoing trials in the Firth of Clyde before being accepted for operational service with the Home Fleet. The trials were designed in particular to establish the ship's turning circles at different speeds, with varying degrees of rudder. On board were members of the Press, civilian experts concerned with the ship's performance, and Admiralty designers who were keeping a close watch on the pressure exerted on the twin-balanced rudders when put hard over at speed. Their assessment is of considerable importance, as the twin-balanced rudders are a new feature. The *Eagle* was laid down in 1942 as part of the Navy's wartime construction programme and is a sister-ship of the new *Ark Royal*. The design and construction of the *Eagle* are entirely based on experience gained in carrier warfare during the Second World War. She is the first ship to be fully equipped to deal with the latest designs of naval jet aircraft, and the first warship to have an automatic telephone exchange. Her capacity for defence is represented by her fighter aircraft and her gun armament, which includes sixteen 4·5-in. guns in four batteries. Both the *Eagle* and the *Ark Royal* are reported to be of 90 per cent. welded construction. Special attention has been paid to the comfort of the *Eagle's* crew and a centralised messing system has been introduced.

THE NERVE-CENTRE OF THE FIRST CARRIER IN ANY NAVY TO BE BUILT TO OPERATE THE MODERN NAVAL JET AIRCRAFT NOW IN SERVICE: The "island" structure built upon the starboard side of the *Eagle's* flight-deck is in itself as large as a frigate and houses the radio, radar and plotting rooms. This picture was taken as the aircraft-carrier made her way in bad weather to an area off Ailsa Craig, in the Firth of Clyde, to undergo machinery and manœuvrability trials.

On left—
THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE £15,000,000 AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: The flight-deck covers an area of more than two acres, and is fitted with the most modern catapults for launching aircraft. *Eagle* has a displacement of 36,800 tons; her overall length is just over 800 ft. and she has a beam of 112 ft. 9 ins. Her estimated cost of £15,000,000, which makes her the most expensive ship of the Navy, does not include gun armament. The carrier has two hangars which can contain the largest naval carrier-borne aircraft, and two large lifts to bring the machines to the flight-deck. *Eagle*, second ship of the Ark Royal class, was built at Harland and Wolff's Belfast yard, and launched by Princess Elizabeth.

THE "EAGLE'S" COMMANDING OFFICER WITH HIS COMMANDER: Captain Guy Willoughby and Commander P. J. Hill-Norton seen on the bridge during the manœuvrability trials in the Firth of Clyde.

HE WILL BE IN CHARGE OF FLYING OPERATIONS: Commander (Air) N. K. Cambell, D.S.C., who will command 837 Squadron of the Royal Naval Air Service when it is embarked in the *Eagle*. She will carry more than 100 aircraft.

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AMERICA SENDS REINFORCEMENTS TO KOREA

THE SKIES ARE GREY AND CLOUDY AND KOREA LIES AHEAD : American marine reinforcements seen crossing the Strait of Tsuhima en route from Japan to Korea, where they will soon find themselves in action in the relentless stalemate fighting just to the north of the 38th Parallel. The steady military pressure of the past few months has beyond doubt had its bearing on the armistice negotiations proceeding at Panmunjon. While the U.N. strategists have been seeking a defensible cease-fire line, the men of the Eighth Army in Korea have been anticipating a fighting winter, and already the front-line troops are equipped with their winter wear. The season's first snowfall in North Korea actually took place in October.

BRITAIN REINFORCES THE MIDDLE EAST

SAILING INTO THE PORT OF FAMAGUSTA : Troops of the 3rd British Infantry Division entering the harbour after their arrival in the roadstead in the aircraft-carriers *Illustrious* and *Triumph*. These new reinforcements, which consist of the 32nd Brigade and the 39th Brigade, will act as a strategic reserve for the Middle East. The 19th Brigade, numbering over 3,500 men, are already in the Suez Canal Zone guarding the vital international waterway. The men of the 19th Brigade were flown direct from Britain in the biggest peacetime air-lift of troops ever accomplished. For the journey out to Famagusta the British aircraft-carriers were hastily converted for their special tasks as troopships.

DANNY KAYE AND THE KOREAN SOLDIER BOY

TOGETHER THEY SANG A KOREAN BALLAD : Danny Kaye with a young soldier of one of the Republic of Korea Divisions on the platform at an open-air concert held somewhere in the field. Danny coaxed the soldier on to the platform, getting him to sing a ballad which has proved very popular with the United Nations troops and which, needless to say, is now provided with a complete set of English words. Danny Kaye is only one of many internationally famous entertainers who have been playing their part in Korea. In addition to an extensive entertainment programme, the troops are also being well catered for, the N.A.A.F.I. vans actually going right up to the front line in order to serve the Commonwealth Division.

WINDOW UPON A TROUBLED WORLD

Pictures from Korea, the Middle East, Malaya, Morocco, and the U.S.

PERSIA'S PREMIER FLIES HOME FROM MANHATTAN

THE END OF A FORTY-DAY MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES : Dr. Mohammed Mossadek, the Prime Minister of Persia, and his daughter, Madame Zia Achraf Bayat Mossadek, seen at the window of their plane at New York International Airport, Idlewild, Queens, before they left for their homeland. They spent three days in Egypt on the return journey, thus giving Dr. Mossadek a chance to meet Nahas Pasha, the Egyptian Prime Minister, and to discuss with him some of their mutual problems. During the month Dr. Mossadek was in Washington, he conferred daily with American officials on the long-drawn-out oil dispute. In length the interviews averaged about an hour-and-a-half, and they were surrounded by a complete veil of secrecy. Then suddenly the American State Department lifted the veil, showing that neither Britain nor Persia had moved from its position to any marked extent. Both sides, it seemed, had tried to put pressure on the United States to gain American support.

EVACUATING MANHATTAN UNDER ATOMIC ATTACK

THE LITTLE SHIPS OF NEW YORK HARBOUR TAKE PART IN A CIVIL DEFENCE EXERCISE: These tugboats and ferries were part of a small fleet which demonstrated how patients in New York hospitals could be evacuated by water in the event of an atom-bomb attack. The operation began New York's first major Civil Defence test, an exercise which included fires started by incendiary bombs, the bursting of water mains and rescue and evacuation test drills by Civil Defence workers. But large-scale exercises of this sort are apt to upset the delicate balance of so great a city's transport system. In this case thousands of office workers were delayed by the traffic jams caused by "bombs"; the congestion was further worsened by fog.

RHODE ISLAND'S ATOM-BOMB DEFENCES

ANOTHER AMERICAN ATOM-BOMB DEFENCE EXERCISE: In this picture eighty-seven fire pumps, lined along the bank of a river in the city of Providence, Rhode Island, throw up a wall of water during large-scale Civil Defence drills. When the alarm was given, more than 20,000 Civil Defence personnel sped from outlying districts to deal with simulated disasters caused by the supposed dropping of an atom bomb. By chance, this exercise coincided with the last of the American tests of new types of atom bombs, which had been in progress 2,000 miles away in the Nevada Desert. To-day America becomes increasingly atom-bomb conscious.

A NEW LEADER IN THE MALAYAN WAR

GENERAL SIR ROB LOCKHART, THE NEW DIRECTOR OF OPERATIONS IN MALAYA, ARRIVES AT KUALA LUMPUR: The General (left) is seen with the Acting Chief Secretary, Mr. D. C. Watherston, who was at the airport to greet him. During the past few weeks the terrorist activities of Communists in Malaya have greatly increased, and General Lockhart has lost no time in reviewing the whole position with the help of the retiring Director, Lieut.-General Sir Harold Briggs. A *Times* correspondent, writing from Kuala Lumpur, has recently said that a new command in Malaya may soon be constituted. But if, says the correspondent, the command remains at the mercy of the bureaucratic methods of the Malayan Civil Service, which the late High Commissioner once described as archaic, and of the arbitrary power of the Federal Finance Committee, General Lockhart will be as handicapped as was his predecessor.

MOROCCO'S SULTAN SPEAKS FROM THE THRONE

HIS MAJESTY SIDI MOHAMMED V, SULTAN OF MOROCCO, CELEBRATES THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ACCESSION: The Sultan is seen at Casablanca, on the day of the anniversary, making a speech in which he specified the desires and aspirations of his people. The surge of nationalism spreading from India through the Middle East and across North Africa, made itself strongly felt in Morocco soon after the last war. When the Sultan visited France last year he entered into negotiations with the Government for the revision of the treaty of protectorate. He considered inadequate the terms of the reforms proposed by the French, and a Cabinet communiqué noted the points of disagreement. The whole problem of Morocco's differences with France is now before the General Assembly of the United Nations, which is meeting in Paris

GUARDING THE CANAL

While Egyptian Politicians Continue Their Garrulous Campaign, British Forces in the Canal Zone are Being Quietly Strengthened and Integrated

PART OF A CONVOY OF MERCHANT SHIPS, INCLUDING SEVERAL OIL TANKERS, AT ANCHOR IN THE BITTER LAKES, HALFWAY ALONG THE SUEZ CANAL: A system of staging and convoying shipping through the Canal has been instituted, and traffic is now moving far more quickly. Under the watchful eyes of the British garrisons below and the R.A.F. above, ships of all nations still pass safely through this international waterway. Ismailia, the small town halfway between Port Said and Suez, continues meanwhile to be the principal trouble-spot. Since Egypt's unilateral abrogation of the 1936 Treaty on October 16 the town has been the scene of repeated incidents in which many Britons and Egyptians have lost their lives. Throughout the Canal Zone thousands of Egyptians have left British employment after receiving threats from both official and unofficial sources. The evacuation of British families living in the Canal Zone is being speeded up and it is believed that the heavily reinforced garrison there will be on a fully-operational basis within a short time.

KING FAROUK AND THE PRIME MINISTER, NAHAS PASHA, DRIVE TO THE OPENING OF THE EGYPTIAN PARLIAMENT: The King, proclaimed by his Parliament as Monarch of the Sudan, sits solemnly wearing dark glasses beside his smiling Prime Minister. *On right*—Nahas Pasha reads the Royal speech at the opening of Parliament. King Farouk on his throne listens intently to his own words. "My Government," said the King, "will not change its policy, which met with your unanimous approval, nor yield under any form of pressure or compulsion." Announcing that Britain had chosen the course of violence and sheer force instead of the way of peace, the King called for "a single line of action towards a single aim—victory in the battle for liberty."

WINGS OVER THE SUEZ CANAL: As a tanker passes slowly down the long, straight waterway, three R.A.F. Vampire fighters, just visible immediately above the vessel, fly in formation on patrol. In the foreground are the neat rows of tents of one of the garrison's military encampments.

WOMEN TAKE PART IN ONE OF THE NUMEROUS ANTI-BRITISH PROCESSIONS IN CAIRO: These demonstrators were a few of the 5,000 "Daughters of the Nile" who headed the procession. They were led by Doria Shafik, a twenty-nine-year-old graduate of the Paris Sorbonne. She wants to arm the girls, dress them in black sweaters and form them into the Black Sweater Fighters Against Britain.

LEADERS OF THE THREE SERVICES CONFER AT ISMAILIA: They are (left to right) Air Vice-Marshal V. E. Groom, Air Officer Commanding No. 205 Group, Egypt; Lieut.-General Sir George Erskine, G.O.C. British Troops in Egypt; and Rear-Admiral I. M. R. Campbell, Senior British Naval and Flag Officer (Liaison), Middle East.

500,000 EGYPTIANS PARADE IN CAIRO DURING WHAT HAS BEEN CALLED THE "HATE BRITAIN CAMPAIGN": These young men trudged silently through the city carrying scores of banners calling for the ejection of the British.

BRITISH SERVICEMEN AND THEIR WIVES QUEUE FOR FOOD AT A N.A.A.F.I. STORE IN ISMAILIA: All the Servicemen were armed with Sten guns as they did their shopping. Above them, on the roof of the building, an armed sentry surveys the streets and buildings.

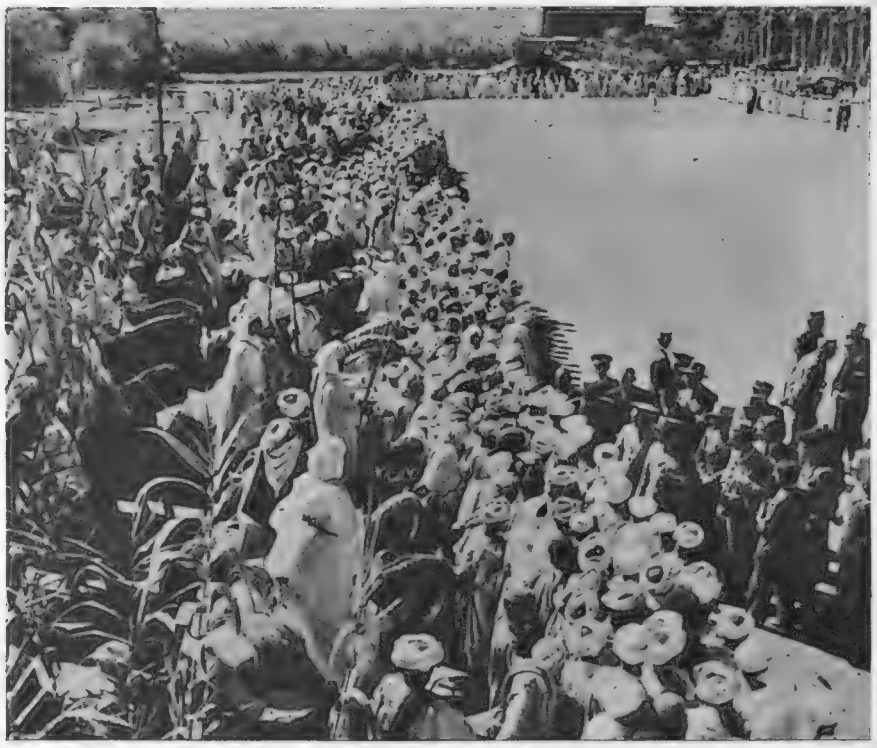
FRENCH MOROCCO UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF GENERAL GUILLAUME

PICTURES FROM THE GREAT ASSOCIATE STATE OF THE FRENCH UNION

ONE OF THE LARGEST DAM PROJECTS IN AFRICA IS BEING COMPLETED IN MOROCCO: A great concrete barrier is rising in the valley of the Oed El Abid, in the Atlas Mountains, where the French administration under General Guillaume is completing a project which will double the electrical output of Morocco. It is hoped that the first power from this hydro-electric scheme will be generated during 1952. General Guillaume, the new French Resident-General in Morocco, recently visited the site of the dam during his official tour of the Atlas region.

GENERAL GUILLAUME MEETS THE DANCING-GIRLS: The new French Resident-General is offered milk and dates by the entertainers who met him at Ouaouizerzy during his recent tour of the Atlas region of Morocco.

AN ARAB FEAST PREPARED IN HONOUR OF GENERAL GUILLAUME: Some of the entertainers who gathered to meet the Resident-General near Kenifra. The tent in which the reception took place was transported to the scene on camel- and mule-back, and erected several days in advance of the reception.



A GATHERING OF THE BERBERS: *Left*—Veterans assembled to meet General Guillaume during his visit to Ouaouizerzy. The General, who speaks Berber, addressed them in their own language. *Right*—Kaid Ben Agga leading his Berber cavalry in a dramatic ride past in the Kenifra Plain. Kaid Ben Agga is the nephew of the Berber leader Moha ou Hammou, who was killed in the offensive of 1934 against France. In that campaign General Guillaume, then a major, played an important role.

"France has not an uneasy conscience," declared Foreign Minister Schuman when replying in the United Nations Assembly to the charges levied by Egypt against French stewardship in Morocco. M. Schuman went on to speak of the great friendship existing between France and Morocco and of the French civilising activities now taking place within the French Zone. Charged with implementing French policy in Morocco is General Augustin Guillaume, the former Commander of the French Forces in Germany, who has now succeeded General Juin as French Resident-General in Morocco and as Inspector-General of the French Armed Forces in North Africa.

During the past few weeks General Guillaume has been carrying out his first official tour in the Atlas Mountains, and some of the pictures on this page show the nature of the reception accorded him. For the visiting General this was something of a return home, for he had previously spent over fifteen years of his Army career in Morocco and has declared there is no one mountain on which "I have not heard a gunshot." The General has a great admiration for the tough Goumier troops who come from the Berber tribes of the Atlas region, and they have a deep-rooted respect for him, remembering his unexampled leadership of the Moroccan Division in Italy during the Second World War. General Guillaume now wants to provide 100,000 of these troops for General Eisenhower's S.H.A.P.E. force. He asserts that they are the best troops in the world.

During his triumphal tour of the Atlas Mountains thousands of Berbers flocked to greet the General wherever he appeared and to hear him speak to them in their own language. He was welcomed everywhere with feasts and spectacular parades, most notably in the Kenifra Plain, where there was a spectacular ride-past.

Despite these scenes of enthusiasm among the Berbers it is not to be thought that all is well throughout French Morocco. These are indeed difficult times in the Zone, with Communist infiltration an ever-present danger, and the local nationalist party, the Istiqlal, led by Si Alla el Fassi and Ahmed Blafredj, seeking complete independence of France. The empire of Morocco is still in principle an absolute monarchy. The Sultan resides in the French Zone, usually at Rabat, and his Government, known as the Makhzen, as reorganised in 1947, consists of the Grand Vizier, the Vizier of Justice, the Vizier of Habous or Pious Foundations, the Director of the Protocol, and the Naib (the Grand Vizier's delegate for Public Instruction). In the French Zone effective authority is exercised by the protecting power which is represented by the Resident-General, General Guillaume. The latter is Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Sultan and head of the elaborate French administration which has its headquarters at Rabat and which is divided into three departments for finance, economic affairs, public instruction, etc. The Protectorate authorities have created a large body of modern law in the form of Imperial Edicts issued by the Sultan but promulgated and made executory by the Resident-General. Even decrees of minor importance require French approval.

THE QUEEN

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY; AT KEMPTON PARK; AND AT THE SOUTH BANK FESTIVAL HALL

THE QUEEN GOES TO KEMPTON PARK TO SEE HER NEW 'CHASER, DEVON LOCH: Her Majesty in the paddock, where she saw the horse saddled for the Vauxhall Novices' Hurdle Race. Devon Loch, only a five-year-old now and more likely to make a 'chaser than a hurdler, ran very well, coming in second to the experienced Rahshas. Devon Loch is strongly built, with much to commend him in looks.

THE QUEEN AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY: Her Majesty arriving for the service at which the W.V.S. Roll of Honour containing 244 names was dedicated in the presence of 2,000 members of the organisation from all parts of the country. Walking just behind the Queen is the Dowager Marchioness of Reading, chairman of the W.V.S., who asked the Queen to unveil the roll in the Sanctuary of the Abbey. In his address, the Dean said the W.V.S. was a remarkable organisation which came into existence in 1938 with five members under the leadership of Lady Reading. By the end of the war it numbered over 1,000,000 and had proved of incalculable service to the country: its activities ranged over an enormous field and were, said the Dean, as beneficent as they were various.

THE ROYAL CONCERT HELD ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY TAKES PLACE AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL ON LONDON'S SOUTH BANK AND IS ATTENDED BY THE QUEEN: *Left*—The Queen receiving Mr. D. Ritson Smith, Honorary Secretary, Royal Philharmonic Society, at the concert held in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund and other musical charities and planned by a committee embracing all branches of the musical profession. *Right*—The Queen listening to the concert from the Royal box. London has celebrated St. Cecilia's Day with a concert since 1946 and the Queen has honoured all these past occasions with her presence. The latest concert was rather wider in scope than its predecessors, and in future orchestras will take it in turns to present a programme. This year the honour fell to Liverpool.

MAN ENLISTS THE HELP OF ANOTHER GIANT FROM THE FACTORIES OF AMERICA IN HIS EFFORTS TO CONTROL NATURE: This machine, built after many years of research and development, is at work on the King Ranch, Texas, where noxious trees and shrubs steal the sunlight required for good pasturage and range land. The prolific growth is first swept away by the huge shears and bars on the front of the machine, while behind, a great plough, 16 ft. wide and weighing 6 tons, sweeps along below the soil severing roots and stumps. Constantly-encroaching brush and mesquite trees have always been a menace on the King Ranch. Many machines had been equipped to deal with the problem, but until the design of this "Siamese Twin D 8" tractor, which is really a double tractor consisting of two Diesel engines propelling the giant plough and shears, nature proved too stubborn to conquer. Two manufacturing firms joined forces to produce the 52-ton monster, which has proved very successful.

A JUGGERNAUT IN TEXAS

Two Firms Co-operated in Building This 52-ton Tractor

A FRONT VIEW OF THE SIAMESE TWIN D 8 TRACTOR: On either side are the massive blades that sweep away shrubs and small trees. The radiators of the twin engines are to be seen immediately behind.

THE "TEXAS JUGGERNAUT" SWEEPS AWAY A TANGLED MASS OF BRUSH: Conventional machines could not tackle the tough, 40-ft. mesquite trees abounding in this part of the country, but the new tractor's sweeping shears and 6-ton plough makes light work of them all.

A ONE-MAN ARMY AT WAR AGAINST ENCROACHING BUSH: Shrubs and trees razed by the tractor are left where they fall, to provide humus for the soil and to protect the grasses until they can re-seed.

"HIMALAYA" TURNS FOR HOME

THE STORY OF A GREAT LINER DURING HER DAYS IN PORT AT SYDNEY BEFORE SHE STARTS OUT ON HER 12,000-MILE VOYAGE BACK TO ENGLAND

FROM the time the *Himalaya* enters Sydney Harbour until sailing day—ten days later, she is transformed from a stately luxury-liner, where life drifts along at a pleasant leisurely pace, into a fast-moving, boisterous working community as if preparing for some great event. And, in fact, so it is; preparing to accommodate, amuse and feed some thousand passengers on a 12,000-mile voyage—a vast undertaking.

Of course, in an organisation such as this everything of necessity must be extremely departmentalised, each separate unit performing its own particular duty and all in turn coming under the jurisdiction of the P. & O. Steam Navigation Company.

A thousand people will eat on the trip approximately 100,000 meals, consequently the storing and provisioning of the ship becomes a major problem, the responsibility of which falls directly on the shoulders of the Deputy Purser. He must order, and see to the efficient stowage of, 100,000 lb. of meat, 80,000 eggs, 20,000 lb. of poultry, 20,000 lb. of sugar, 40,000 lb. of rice (of which a great part is used for the diet of the Asian crew), 30 tons of potatoes, and so on, many hundreds of tons of foodstuffs for 1,000 passengers and 600 crew on a 12,000-mile voyage.

On his desk are two telephones, one a land line and the other an inter-communication 'phone for the various ship's departments. He must give many hundreds of

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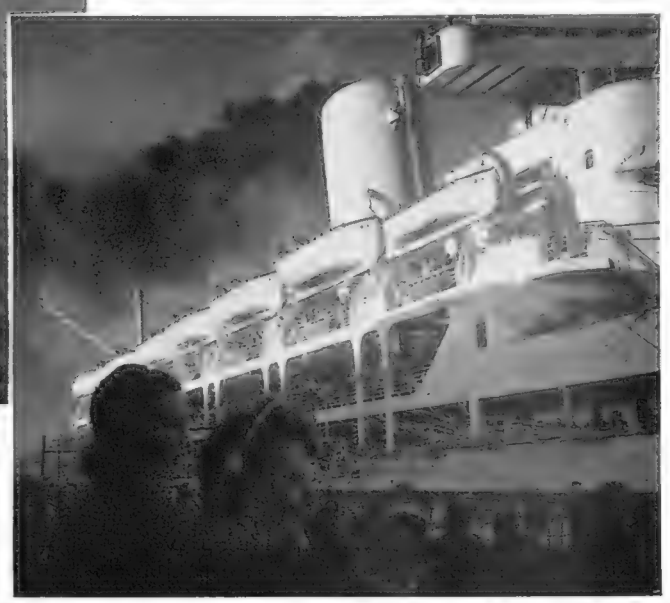


WHEN THE "HIMALAYA" ENTERS SYDNEY HARBOUR: The tugs lie in wait close by Fort Dennison and as the *Himalaya* approaches they glide into their respective positions ready to take the 28,000-ton P. & O. liner to the quayside, where her passengers will disembark and her merchandise will be unloaded. *On right*—Ten days later the scene will change to one of hectic animation as the great liner gets under way again. Black smoke belches from her funnels and the streamers between ship and shore are gradually parted. There is a peculiar poignancy about such mass farewells. Between the arrival and departure of the *Himalaya* in Sydney Harbour, her southern terminal, there is a world of work to be done, and on this and the following pages aspects of that "turn for home" are revealed by the camera.

JOURNEY'S END BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS: It is the *Himalaya's* first night in port after covering the 12,000 miles from England. As night settles down over the dock area the liner's superstructure is floodlit, and the harbour bridge lights wink out in the distance. All is quiet for the moment, but on the following night there may be loading operations, and then, with winches and capstans at work, there is little rest for anyone in the vicinity of the great ship.

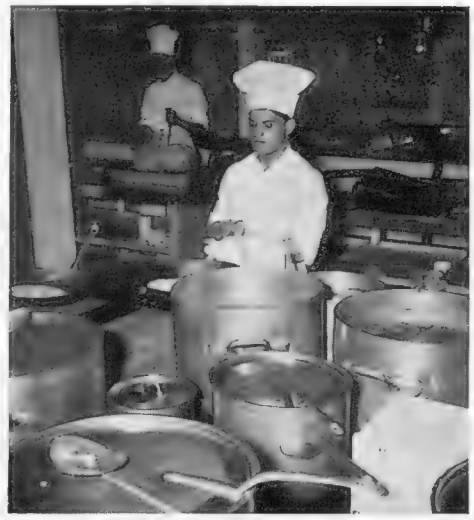
THE P. & O. LINER "HIMALAYA" NEGOTIATING SYDNEY HEADS: The great ship silhouetted against the night sky in the vicinity of her southern terminal port. The *Himalaya* left Tilbury on her maiden voyage to Australia in the autumn of 1949, and she is now one of the most popular boats on the service. The *Himalaya* has accommodation for 779 first- and 393 tourist-class passengers. She can carry 263,000 cubic feet of refrigerated cargo in addition to ordinary cargo.

"HIMALAYA" TURNS FOR HOME

A GREAT P. & O. LINER AT HER SOUTHERN TERMINAL PORT

DISCHARGING AT SYDNEY THE CARGO FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE "HIMALAYA'S" HOLDS: On this particular voyage the cargo included 7,000 chests of tea, 100 tons of corrugated iron, 2,000 cartons of tinned fish. There was a total of 3,600 tons of cargo in the holds.

THE WHARF LABOURERS ON DECK: The moment the boat docks they come on board to take the passengers' luggage down to the Customs.



EVEN IN DOCK THE GALLEY IS ALWAYS BUSY: Cooks preparing the midday meal for the 600 members of the *Himalaya's* crew.

CARS FOR THE AUSTRALIAN MARKET OFTEN FORM A LARGE PERCENTAGE OF THE "HIMALAYA'S" CARGO: Here are twelve new models lined up at the Sydney quayside after being hoisted ashore by powerful cranes.

(*Continued from previous page*)

orders, and answer countless questions. His is, indeed, a great responsibility and no doubt a great source of worry!

This goes on right through the ship; each man and his staff has his own set of responsibilities in varying degrees. The first officer and his cargo, the purser with his finance and crew members, the bosun with his Lascars, the leading hand with his laundry, the chief chef with his galley.

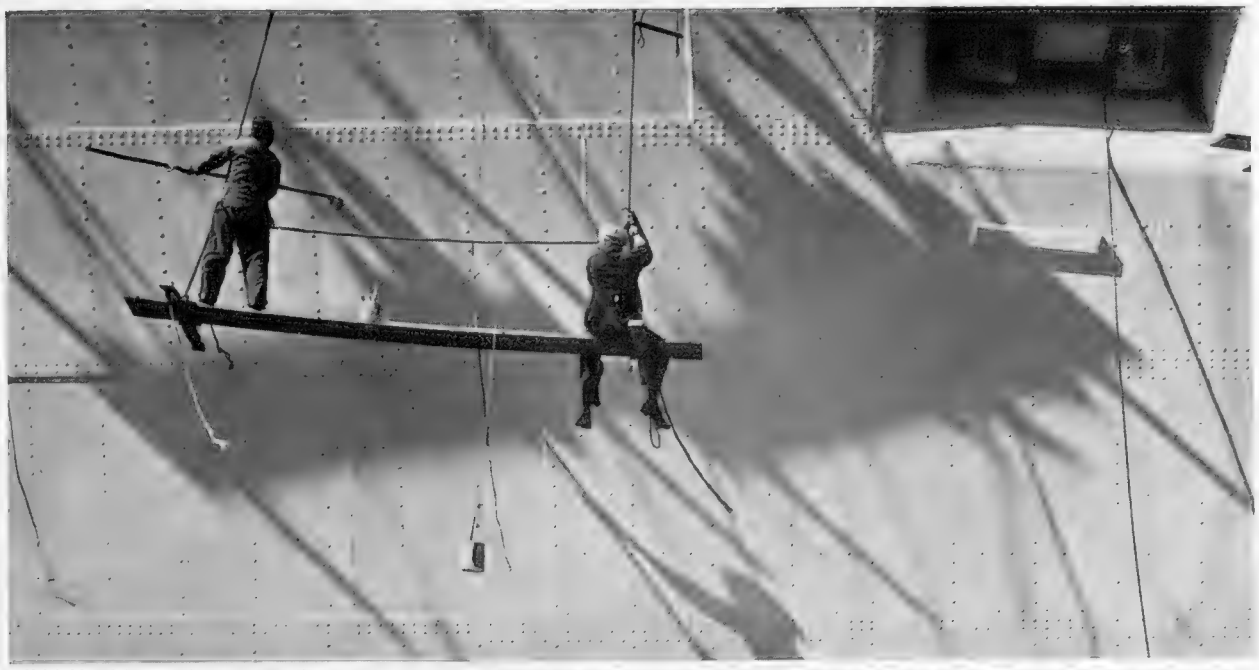
Here then is the life of the ship. Ordering, stowing, supervising, financing, cooking, working—everyone is working. Working to recondition the ship in ten days and have her ready for the return voyage.

All this activity seems to climax on sailing day. Some stores haven't arrived—cancel the order, we'll pick them up in Melbourne. Some crew members are missing—will they arrive in time? The wharf labourers have been held up by rain, and even as the passengers and their friends come aboard cargo is still being loaded.

The passengers and their many well-wishers swarm aboard and parties suddenly germinate in the cabins. The corridors, lifts and stairways become jammed with people, stewards scurry about fetching ice for the cabins. Flowers by the thousand are brought aboard to be distributed later, after the turmoil has subsided. At last one is almost thankful to hear the voice over the loud speaker, "All visitors ashore." Then the press of humanity begins again, this time it is in the reverse direction to before. Everyone tries their hardest to get back to the wharf and no one gets very far very quickly.

By this time the wharf is dense with hundreds of people and thousands of multi-coloured streamers. A carnival atmosphere pervades. Someone tries to shout a last message across the gulf of streamers but the voice is drowned before it even reaches the ship. A woman quietly weeps, not knowing whether for joy or sorrow, while she holds a handful of streamers, her last link with whoever it might be on the other side of the sea of coloured paper.

Three blasts on the whistle and the ship moves slowly astern, people frantically wave and the streamers break and flutter in the breeze. The crowd gradually melts away and the *Himalaya* moves slowly down the harbour. While down below 42,500 horses in the foam of steam turbines expend their energy, eager to propel the 28,000-ton ship 12,000 miles to England.



THE PAINTING GOES ON CONTINUOUSLY : Lascars at work near the bows of the *Himalaya*. The hull requires 300 gallons of paint.

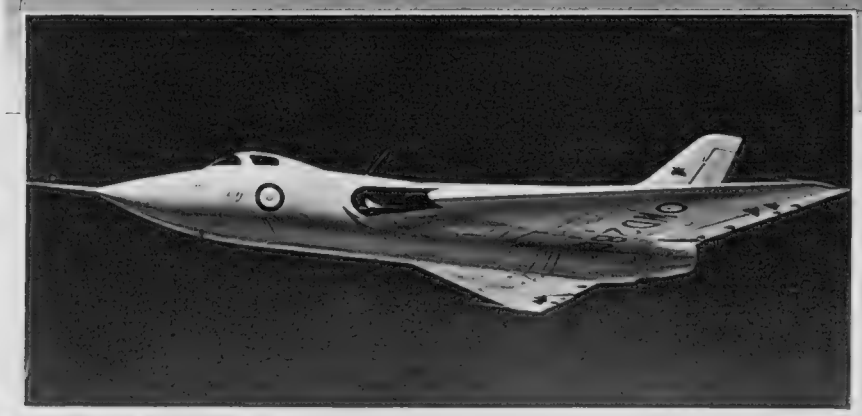
DEPARTURE-TIME GROWS NEAR AND ONCE AGAIN THE LASCARS ARE ON THE JOB HOLYSTONING THE DECK : Within a few days the fashionably-dressed passengers will be parading this deck, few of them mindful of the immense task in making the *Himalaya* "shipshape" between voyages. *On right*—Washing and scrubbing operations on the funnel before the start of painting. Most of the superstructure is repainted at the end of each voyage.

AS THE "HIMALAYA" SAILS DOWN SYDNEY HARBOUR TOWARDS THE HEADS AND THE OPEN SEA SHE MAKES AN IMPRESSIVE SIGHT GLISTENING WHITE IN THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN : Within a month she will be in England, and once again will start the endless round of making her ready for sea again in quick time. This picture shows the vessel passing Kirribilli Point, with Admiralty House a prominent feature. In the background is Neutral Bay, and beyond are the heights of North Sydney.

A LAST REMINDER OF THE VANISHED POMPS OF NAZIDOM: Workmen are seen in the foreground engaged in the demolition of Herman Goering's home on the Obersalzberg, Bavaria, which, together with Hitler's Berghof (which is seen in the extreme background) and the home of Martin Borman, are now being demolished to prevent them ever being used as Nazi shrines. The work is being carried out following agreement between the United States Land Commissioner for Bavaria and the Bavarian State Government. *On right*—A close-up of Herman Goering's house, showing the wonderful vista of mountains and woodlands in the background. Goering owned several other houses, notably the vast estate called Karinhall (named after his first wife, a Swedish baroness and ardent Nazi of the early days) and Rominten, a luxurious hunting lodge in north-east Germany. It is understood that the Bavarian Government will establish a youth centre on the site of Hitler's former home at Berchtesgaden with the money received under the contract with the wrecking concern.

RAZING THE NAZI ROOFS

THE BAVARIAN MOUNTAIN HOMES OF HITLER, GOERING AND BORMAN ARE PULLED DOWN TO PREVENT THEM BECOMING SHRINES



Above, inset on left, and *below*—SOME NEW IMPRESSIONS IN FLIGHT OF ONE OF THE TWO AVRO 707 TYPES, THE DELTA-WING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT DEVELOPED BY A. V. ROE OF MANCHESTER: The 707 is flying in two forms, the "B," which is intended for relatively low-speed research, and the "A" (depicted here), capable of high speeds and distinguished by wing root intakes. The "B" has a dorsal intake for the Rolls-Royce Derwent turbo-jet. A number of experts are now convinced that the Delta configuration is the logical aircraft design of the future.

THE DELTA FASHION

One of Britain's Latest and Finest Research Aircraft In Flight

THIS ENGLAND

Marble from St. Paul's Goes to Churches Around the World; Carol-ringing in Hertfordshire; A Cornish Glut of Fish; And Other Home News in Pictures

PIECES OF MARBLE FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, WHICH ARE TO BE SENT TO CHURCHES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD: The marble comes from the bomb-damaged reredos of the Cathedral and it is intended that churches in this country, America and the Commonwealth will build the pieces they receive into the fabric of their own edifices as shelves, memorial slabs or other similar ornaments. When a bomb struck the crown of one of the choir arches of the Cathedral in 1940 the reredos was damaged, but not so badly that repair would have been impossible. Experts who examined the reredos, however, made out a convincing case for its removal, based partly on the presumed wishes of Sir Christopher Wren. They recommended that a new High Altar should be placed east of the present one, surmounted by a baldacchino or ciborium, allowing the curve of the apse to be seen from the west end of the Cathedral.

A CORNISH BAY BECOMES A FISHERMAN'S KLONDIKE: These are some of the fishing-boats that recently took part in the rush for shoals of pilchards reported to be feeding in Mount's Bay, Cornwall. The boats are unloading their heavy catches at Newlyn Harbour, Cornwall, where the fish were auctioned. When news of the glut spread along the little fishing ports of the Cornish and Devonshire coasts, scores of these sturdy boats rushed to Mount's Bay. They landed catches of between 500 and 1,000 stone each.

A PADRE OF THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN VISITS A LIGHTSHIP: The Rev. T. H. Walters, padre at the Newport, Monmouthshire, Missions to Seamen, is seen (left) conducting a service on board the English and Welsh Grounds Lightship in the Bristol Channel recently. The padre had battled his way to the lightship through heavy seas, his tiny launch often almost swamped and hampered by engine trouble. He took with him a load of gifts—foodstuffs, cigarettes and books—with which to brighten the lives of the vessel's crew. Before he left the padre promised the men that if the weather was no worse he would visit them again on Christmas Day.

A CRAFTS CENTRE FOR A SUSSEX VILLAGE: Mr. Norman Wymer, the well-known author, as chairman of the Eastergate Crafts Centre, makes his speech at the opening ceremony recently. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who declared the Centre open, is on the chairman's right. Third from the right in the picture is Dr. Read, Director of Education to the West Sussex County Council. The new Crafts Centre at Eastergate, a village near Chichester, is the first of its kind ever to be set up in an English village.

VILLAGE CAROL-RINGERS PRACTISE FOR CHRISTMAS: They are the bell-ringing team of the village of Standon, near Ware, in Hertfordshire, and are conducting their rehearsal outside the old Paper Mill House, where Dick Turpin is said to have sought refuge. Extreme left is seventy-six-year-old Joe Whittaker, the oldest member of the team, who was born in Paper Mill House. Mr. Sidney Smith, who is the leader of the ringers, has four sons in the team. They use hand-bells which have belonged to the village since 1870.

MEN OF OUR TIME

FOUR REMARKABLE PORTRAITS IN THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS

"HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI": This new portrait of the King, painted before his recent operation, is the work of Mr. Maurice Codner and has been commissioned by the oldest regiment in the British Army, the Honourable Artillery Company, of which the King is Captain-General. The painting is on view at the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.

"THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS," BY SIR OSWALD BIRLEY: This portrait of the Rt. Hon. W. S. Morrison is one of the outstanding exhibits at this year's display of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Mr. Morrison's recent election to the Speakership caused the first storm in the House of Commons during the new Parliamentary session.

"GENERAL OF THE ARMY DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER": This is another new portrait by Sir Oswald Birley and shows the Supreme Commander in the familiar battle-dress in which he is most often seen. At the present moment General Eisenhower is in the forefront of American domestic politics, as his name is being widely canvassed for the Presidency in the elections next year.

"THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, O.M., C.H., M.P., IN THE UNIFORM OF AN ELDER BROTHER OF TRINITY HOUSE": This portrait, lent to the exhibition by Trinity House, was painted by Sir Oswald Birley during August Bank Holiday this year, the painter visiting Chartwell for the occasion.

RICKSHAWS LINE ONE OF THE SLOPING STREETS IN PROSPEROUS VICTORIA, CAPITAL OF HONG KONG: The city stretches over a narrow strip of shore seven miles long between mountain and sea. Its population has been much increased by refugees from Communism, who have established themselves on the island round Mount Davis. There is some uncertainty in business circles in the city to-day because of the Washington embargo upon trade with Hong Kong in order to prevent the infiltration of vital merchandise to Communist China, and, as the author of the accompanying note points out, high raw material prices are hampering local industry.

BESIDE THE BAMBOO CURTAIN

LIFE IN HONG KONG COLONY TO-DAY

LOOKING ACROSS THE PLAIN TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS OF RED CHINA: A British police official using binoculars to scan the far slopes from his concrete look-out post in the colony of Hong Kong. All movements are noted down.

EARLY MORNING ON THE HONG KONG WATERFRONT: British, American and Chinese advertising signs adorning buildings in the harbour area. Much valuable merchandise has reached Red China by way of Hong Kong, and a year ago it could be said that the port was providing Communist Asia with an open door to the rest of the world.

Hong Kong is grimly normal. Her busy docks, her well-stocked shops and prosperous business houses belie sensational stories about conditions "on the volcano's edge." Communist troops may be peering across the high wire fence which winds like a new Chinese Wall across the mainland frontier, but the Chinese, British and Indian business men who have made this one of the wealthiest ports in the world hardly give "the Red menace" a moment's thought. If the Communists come, they say, it will mean World War III. And why waste time waiting around for that?

The shadow of Communism still sheds some gloom, though not, strangely enough, from the direction of Peking. Any future uncertainty stems these days from Washington. The U.S.A. is pinching the Colony's prosperity in its attempts to stop supplies from reaching the Chinese forces in Korea. The Americans have a natural objection to facing an enemy supplied with rubber and petrol through a friendly port. It only needed General MacArthur's clever misrepresentation to slam down a State Department embargo on virtually all American shipments to Hong Kong.

The embargo was imposed arbitrarily and without warning. Ships suddenly began off-loading oranges at Manila, suitcases at Honolulu. A cargo of gaudy ties and swimming suits were stopped as it entered the San Francisco docks, despite the questionable use of such garments in Korea. More serious, the big Tai Koo sugar refinery which supplies only Hong Kong and Malaya, and does not export to China, was forced to close for lack of chemicals used in the crystallising process. Supplies were eventually restored after protracted negotiations with Washington, but not before many employees had been thrown out of work.

Most of the Colony's 17,000 factories, ranging from family concerns to some of the best-equipped workshops in Asia, are still starved of materials. The cotton mills, Hong Kong's main industry, face shutdowns and short-time operation after doubling their output and spindles in the past two years. Enamelware manufacturers who make many cheap, durable articles for the south-east Asian market and India are almost out of business for lack of tin. The shipyards have enough repair work, but no new building is in hand.

High raw-material prices are further hampering local industry. Cotton spinners refer sadly to the still inflated cost of cotton from India and Pakistan. They point to Japan, importing U.S. cotton almost without restrictions. Much of the finished material goes to China, war or no war in Korea, and as late as January this year Japan exported 2,916,000 dollars-worth of goods through Shanghai and Tientsin. This trade goes on undiminished and looks like increasing. American-occupied Okinawa also does its share, and a shipment of petrol recently reached Portuguese Macao from General Chiang Kai-shek's Formosan headquarters.

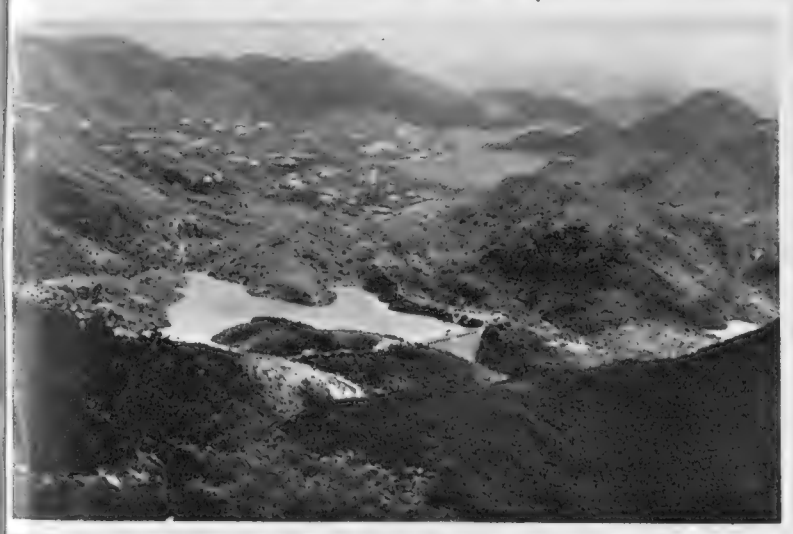
Macao is now the chief supply point for southern China. A steady trade in gold, rubber, manganese, petrol and medicines has brought new prosperity to its half-forgotten harbour. Some of the more enterprising Chinese merchants, feeling the draught in Hong Kong, have moved across the bay to share in the boom.

At the same time Hong Kong is facing the commercial assault of a reviving Japan. Severe import restrictions have so far kept the Japanese from flooding the local market, but nothing can prevent their triumphant march into the Asian markets. Japanese technical efficiency, combined with low wages, is undercutting the Colony's industries, just recovered as they are from the depredations of Japanese aggression.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Hong Kong business men feel they are getting a raw deal. Some

WHERE HONG KONG AND CHINA MEET : Fishing-boats and a derelict Chinese Nationalist steamer lying in a quiet bay not far from the frontier-line between the Leased Territories of Hong Kong and China proper. Many people live in junks on the waterways of Hong Kong.

CROSSING A FRONTIER BRIDGE FROM CHINA : Traders arriving in Hong Kong with poultry for market. Here passes are strictly checked to control all immigration from China, and baggage is occasionally "frisked."



HONG KONG, A COLONY RICH IN DEFENSIVE POSITIONS : *Left*—The reservoir area in the Leased Territories on the Chinese mainland. In this land of high peaks and deep valleys, a defence force could hold out for long periods against a vastly superior enemy. *Right*—The Peak district overlooking Victoria on the island of Hong Kong. Here are the homes of the wealthier members of the Chinese and European community.

of their merchandise has been going to China, they agree, but nothing of strategic importance since rubber and petroleum exports were stopped in July last year. Only a third of Hong Kong's total exports went to the Chinese mainland, and a few of her manufactures. Some kind of trade must be continued, if only as barter for the fresh food from China which feeds the Colony. There is always the danger that the Communists, blockaded from Hong Kong, might retaliate in kind.

Another danger is that growing unemployment could produce the kind of unrest favourable to Communism. Forty thousand factory hands are already out of work, through supply shortages, and many more are on short time. The "line" now apparent in Left-wing papers is: "The Anglo-American Imperialists are making you suffer in their war-making efforts to starve democratic China." It is a forceful argument to hungry men.

The optimists, who include all but a few visiting journalists, take comfort from the fact that militarily Hong Kong is in no great danger. China's Red armies are concentrated in the north and so, it seems, is Communist influence. The southern provinces, so long in contact with the West, reflect less of the xenophobia which pervades Peking. The little British outpost is fondly regarded as a minor haven from the bloody storms now blowing across the People's Republic. Sanctuary is still provided for bona fide political refugees—as it has been for nearly a century—and many Communist leaders who once found shelter there apparently do not begrudge it to their opponents.

Freedom is displayed to ostentation—there are over fifty Chinese language newspapers of all shades of opinion. Some are political, some gossip sheets with an uncertain life span. They are referred to as the "mosquito press." There are also four well-produced English papers and a busy broadcasting station.

Somewhere behind the scenes are the large forces of British troops. They are not noticeable, and are certainly less conspicuous than the British and American warships in the wide, placid harbour, but there are many around, nearly 25,000, according to the latest estimates. Most of them are concentrated on the mainland, including men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, just returned from Korea. They are well back from the frontier, which is left entirely to the police. Jet fighters, tanks and plentiful artillery are mustered in their support. It is a very different story from the desperate days of the Japanese assault.

Over-confidence is a dangerous disease. It could invite another costly defeat. But the lessons of the last war have been well and truly learned, backed up by experience of the new potential aggressor in Korea. New defences, new fire-power, command of the sea and possibly of the air have changed the situation since 1941. A mass assault Chinese-style, as against the fierce individualistic tactics of the Japanese, might be held (the military authorities feel), at least until reinforcements could be flown or shipped in.

The British attitude along the borders reflects the soldiers' self-assurance. The Chinese policemen and officers in their neat khaki drill are polite but firm to the Communist guards a few yards away. Their searchlights sweep the wire fence at night to prevent illegal entry, their concrete, radio-equipped observation posts look down upon the straw sentry-posts across the way. Passes are strictly checked to control all immigration from China—a thing unheard of until two years ago—and baggage is occasionally "frisked" for illegal imports with an electric mine-detector.

Erik Neilson

DOWN THE SLIPWAYS OF THE WORLD

NEW LAUNCHINGS IN THE YARDS AT DUNKIRK, TRIESTE, AND BIRKENHEAD — A UNION CASTLE LINER'S MAIDEN VOYAGE

FRANCE LAUNCHES HER BIGGEST POST-WAR OCEAN LINER: This is the massive bow of the liner *Flandre*, a vessel of just over 20,000 tons, which took the water recently from the yards of Dunkirk, the launching marking the post-war revival of one of the greatest French shipbuilding centres. The Marshall Plan has in no small measure contributed to the revival of this shipyard, just as it has contributed also to the revival of Trieste. Built for the Compagnie Generale Transatlantique, the *Flandre* will link Le Havre with the West Indies ports and will travel at a minimum speed of 23 knots. The *Flandre* can take a very large cargo, and she will have accommodation for 1,000 or more passengers.

A NEW LAMPORT AND HOLT PASSENGER-CARGO LINER IS LAUNCHED AT BIRKENHEAD: The *Romney*, of 10,300 tons deadweight, seen after she had entered the Mersey, was built by Cammell, Laird at their Birkenhead yards. The new ship, which will be powered by turbine engines driving a single screw, will have first-class accommodation for eleven passengers. On deck there will be sixteen high-speed electric winches and a single mast.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE LAUNCHING OF FRANCE'S NEW LINER FOR THE WEST INDIAN SERVICE: *Left*—The massive funnel being brought into position on board the *Flandre* as she stood on the slipway in the Dunkirk yards. *Right*—The newly-launched vessel in the dock area before tugs towed her to her fitting-out basin. The wires seen stretching from the ship's bows were attached to the chains which slowed the vessel's speed after she had hit the water. The revival of Dunkirk Harbour has been a magnificent feat as, in addition to the work of reconstructon, a vast amount of sunken shipping has had to be cleared from the harbour approaches.

ON THE ROUND-AFRICA SERVICE—CAPE TOWN WELCOMES A NEW AND HANDSOME ADDITION TO THE UNION CASTLE FLEET: The 17,300-ton *Rhodesia Castle*, dressed overall for her arrival in Table Bay, being manœuvred by tugs as she was about to dock for the first time beneath the shadow of Table Mountain. The *Rhodesia Castle* was named and launched in April 1951, and she set out in October on her maiden voyage of ten weeks which is taking her right round Africa, the return journey being via the Suez Canal. In all she will have called at twenty ports by the time of her return to Tilbury. A sister-ship, the *Kenya Castle*, is expected to leave on her maiden voyage early in 1952, and a third vessel of similar type will be ready at the end of next year.

A NEW MOTOR-SHIP GOES DOWN THE WAYS AT TRIESTE: The 13,500-ton *Victoria* seen as she was about to leave the slipway where she was built by Cantieri Riuniti dello Adriatica of Trieste. When completed the ship will enter the Trieste-Bombay service of the Lloyd-Triestino. She is only one of a number of fine ships built in the Trieste yards since 1948, when the Council for the Organisation of European Economic Co-operation, meeting in Paris, decided to admit the Free Territory of Trieste as a member of the E.E.C. nations. As a result of this Marshall Aid, Trieste has regained much of her former prosperity.

THE "BIDUK," THE FIRST SEA-GOING VESSEL BUILT BY THE DUTCH FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA: The launching took place at the shipyards of J. and K. Smit, at Kinderdijk, Holland. The *Biduk*, which is a vessel of 1,250 tons and has been especially designed for work on the maintenance of buoys in coastal waters, was christened by Mrs. Djoemhana, wife of the Indonesian High Commissioner in the Netherlands.

THE "ASIA," OF 11,600 TONS, READY TO BE LAUNCHED FROM THE ADRIATIC SHIPYARDS AT TRIESTE: She is the seventh post-war addition to the Lloyd-Triestino fleet. Present at the launching ceremony were Italian officials and American officers, including Admiral Parsons, who commands the Sixth Cruiser Fleet of the United States Navy in Mediterranean waters.

THE PARROT OF THE SEA

This is a Nickname of the Puffin, One of the Quaintest British Sea-birds

On one part of the British coast, where puffins are to be found in large numbers, the local fishermen believe that many years ago the wreck of a vessel carrying a cargo of tropical birds liberated a number of parrots, and that these bred with the seagulls, giving rise to the strange bird we now call the puffin. Ornithologists, however, will have none of this local theory; they assure us that the puffin, the *Fratercula* as they call it, is a member of the remarkable auk family of sea-birds. Once, in 1935, a puffin appeared in the centre of London, causing a traffic jam in the Strand, and it is recorded that in 1887 a puffin flew into a Mayfair bedroom. But, apart from these very rare and singular occasions, few people who have not visited the famous puffin nesting-grounds on the island of St. Kilda, or one of the other few places around these coasts where the friendly little bird is to be found, will ever have seen a puffin. But the bird is familiar enough because of its odd appearance. Puffins are usually viewed with affection, and their tameness and inquisitive nature add to their attraction. In their breeding haunts they favour the grassy slopes above cliffs, where they dig burrows in which to rear their young. Each pair produces only one egg. Outside their burrows they may be found sunning themselves in flocks, especially in the evening after a successful day's fishing. Though they are ever alert lest they should be caught by their chief enemies, the seagulls, it is possible to stalk quite close and photograph them, and even, occasionally, to catch one. To ornithologists, as well as to the layman, one of the bird's most remarkable features is its bill. It is gaily coloured in red, orange-yellow and bluish-grey, with a horny sheath divided by transverse grooves into several distinct pieces. At the end of the breeding season these grooves deepen and the sheath is shed. There is, in fact, an annual moult of the bill-sheath. In form, size and colour the new bill-sheath beneath differs markedly from the old one.

Puffins were eaten in large numbers by the former inhabitants of the now-deserted island of St. Kilda. To-day they are part of the staple diet of some of the Faeroe Islanders, who catch them in long-handled nets as they fly in from the sea. Puffins are a decreasing species. This is probably due to a recent increase in the numbers of large gulls, their natural enemies, and to the menace of oil illegally pumped from ships, which clogs their feathers and causes them to die lingering and miserable deaths.

THE PUFFIN HOMEWARD-BOUND WITH A MEAL FOR ITS CHICK: How this remarkable bird is able to catch fish when it has already several in its beak is something of a mystery. No doubt the strange design of its bill, which has earned it the sobriquet of "sea-parrot," is responsible.

CLOSE-UP OF A PUFFIN: Some birds moult their feathers but the puffin also moults its beak. Normally gaily coloured, the beak's sheath is shed just after the end of the breeding season.

A PARLIAMENT OF PUFFINS: Puffins are no more intelligent than other birds, in spite of their sagacious countenances. Like the penguins, which they resemble, they waddle rather than walk on land. They swim and dive well and their flight, though seldom high, is rapid.

BRINGING HOME THE DINNER: When a puffin lands with fish it usually scuttles down its burrow without a backward glance. Here the photographer had blocked the burrow and the puffin is seen considering what to do. *On left*—Puffins are quite tame. One of the little birds, standing on a rocky ledge, has allowed a photographer to come within a few feet of it.

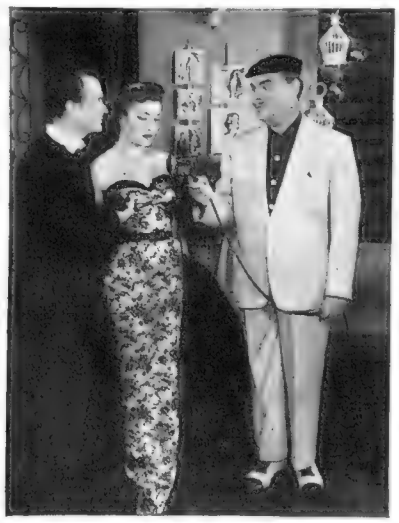
PREMIERE AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK : The great auditorium was full for the performance of *Aïda* which opened the sixty-seventh season of the New York company. Stalls cost 25 dollars and the gross receipts were 53,112 dollars for the first performance of Rudolf Bing's second season as general manager. The usual leaders of Government, diplomacy, society and the arts were present, but it was noted that many more than usual of the younger generation were among the audience. The Metropolitan Opera is excused the usual 20 per cent. admission tax, paid by commercial entertainments, on cultural grounds in the same way as productions in this country escape tax when under the blessing of the Arts Council. If the box office receipts are maintained at something near the high level reached at the first night, the financial situation of the Metropolitan Opera Company should be secure for some time to come.

ADELE LEIGH AT COVENT GARDEN : The twenty-three-year-old English-born principal soprano has been singing the role of Pamina in *The Magic Flute* at the Royal Opera House in the present season. Miss Leigh was trained in America. Her first part at Covent Garden was Xenia in *Boris Godunov*, which she sang in September 1948. She has also sung Cherubino in *The Marriage of Figaro*. Her next appearance will be in the part of Marzellina in *Fidelio* which is to be produced at Covent Garden on December 20. Pamina is one of the roles which is usually given to a singer of international repute, and Adele Leigh's selection for it is a measure of the high regard in which she is held by the Covent Garden Opera

OPERA, STAGE AND FILM

The Metropolitan Opera and Covent Garden ; A Plaster Castle for *Ivanhoe ; Figure of Fun* at the Aldwych ; Greta Garbo in London

A PLASTER CASTLE FROM THE AIR : An air photograph of Torquilstone Castle which M.-G.-M. built on the lot at Elstree for their recently completed film of *Ivanhoe*. The castle is about 70 ft. high and is a replica of one described by Sir Walter Scott in the celebrated novel. Research, before making the film, revealed that certain features in Scott's description were anachronistic but it was decided to stick to the novelist's conception. The plaster castle was built over a period of a year, with anything from four to fifty of the staff craftsmen working on it at different times. This was planned so that it should be suitably weathered before shooting of the film began. The castle has a working drawbridge, and a 7-ft.-deep moat. *Ivanhoe*, which will not be seen until next year, has Robert Taylor in the name-part and Joan Fontaine as Rowena



ARTHUR MACRAE'S ADAPTATION OF ANDRÊ ROUSSIN'S "FIGURE OF FUN" AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE : The old trick of a play within a play is successfully revived by the prolific French playwright in this amusing study of an actor discovering himself through the character he portrays. *On left*—Alan (John Mills), Guy (Arthur Macrae) and Diana (Brenda Bruce) in a scene from *Figure of Fun*. *On right*—Peter Bull, as the stuttering French radio interviewer Jacques Lambert, coaxes a proposal of marriage from the lovesick Freddie, of the play within the play (John Mills) to his beloved Regine (Joyce Heron). Arthur Macrae's adaptation from the French is as successful as his portrayal in the play of the indecisive Edgar. Another of André Roussin's many plays, *The Little Hut*, has been running at the Lyric for over a year.

GRETA GARBO AND CECIL BEATON : The film star has been staying with Cecil Beaton at his house in Wiltshire. During her visit to London, Miss Garbo lunched with Madame Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador. Greta Garbo is still one of the few Hollywood film stars with a genuine love of informal manners and clothes. During November she was often seen wearing slacks and a sweater when she took walks near the thirteenth-century village of Broadchalke, in Wiltshire, where Cecil Beaton, with whom she was staying, has his country house. Cecil Beaton first achieved his ambition to photograph her when he made her passport photograph. He has said that he had never imagined such beauty was possible and that of all the women he has ever seen, Garbo is by far the most beautiful.

MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN COMMUNITY IN LONDON CELEBRATE THANKSGIVING DAY: Mr. Walter S. Gifford, the American Ambassador (left), and Mrs. Gifford, with Dr. Arthur L. Goodhart, K.B.E., K.C., at the Dorchester Hotel, London, on the evening of November 22 when Mr. Gifford, as Honorary Chairman, presided at the Thanksgiving Day dinner and ball.

Above on right—To Americans, Thanksgiving Day is one of the major events of the year, vying with Christmas in importance. It is a festival of thanksgiving for the mercies of the closing year, and is a legal holiday. In the New England States the occasion ranks as the year's great family festival. Thanksgiving Day is observed by Americans throughout the world.

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

A Personal Survey at Home and Abroad

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF A FORMER GERMAN CHANCELLOR: Dr. Heinrich Bruning, Chancellor of the Reich from 1930 to 1932, addressing students during his first lecture at Cologne University, following his recent appointment to a Professorship. The 3,000 students who thronged the hall applauded his entry vigorously. Dr. Bruning spoke to them on the main political problems of the years 1924 to 1934. When Bruning came to power in 1930 he had to contend with financial crisis, with mounting unemployment and the threat of open revolt from extreme Left and Right. His Government, however, gained respect abroad. Backed by the Reichwehr and the industrialists, Bruning tried to compromise with Hitler. Later he managed to proscribe Hitler's uniformed forces. Waning confidence in the Weimar regime forced his resignation in 1932, and when Hitler came to power Bruning was forced to flee to America.

EXPRESSIVE HANDS: United Nations delegates fraternise at the reception given by M. Vincent Auriol, the French President. In the *top picture*, Mr. Dean Acheson, the United States Foreign Secretary, faces Mr. Malik and Mr. Vishinsky while Mr. Alexis Pavlov, Russia's bearded Ambassador to France, looks on. *Top centre*, M. Auriol has taken the place of Mr. Acheson on the left. *Lower centre*—The Pakistan Foreign Minister, Sir Zafrulla Khan (left), joins Mr. Acheson in his discussion with the Russians. *Above*—Mr. Vishinsky shakes hands with his host, M. Auriol (right), with Mr. Malik and Mr. Pavlov watching the smiling pair. The dinner given by M. Auriol at the Elysée Palace for delegates to the United Nations General Assembly was a very much more friendly affair than many of the official meetings, as witness the above smiles and handshakes. In the morning, Mr. Austin, the permanent United States delegate to the United Nations, had stated at a luncheon that the time might not be too distant when the Soviet leaders, having failed to prevent the free world from organising adequate defence forces, would seek to join in an international system for the regulation and reduction of armaments. There was, however, little evidence of such an intention at present on behalf of the Soviet Union.

THE NEW SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, MR. W. S. MORRISON: Mr. Morrison was elected Speaker on October 31 after the first contest for the office since 1895. He was a Conservative nominee and was elected by 318 votes to 251, a majority of 67. The Socialist nominee was Major Milner, who was Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker in the last Parliament. The new Speaker has been a Member of Parliament for twenty-two years. In the last elections he was returned as the Conservative candidate for Cirencester and Tewkesbury with a majority of 8,625 over a Labour opponent. He was the first Minister of Food from 1939 to 1940 and has been Postmaster-General, Minister of Agriculture, and Minister of Town and Country Planning. Mr. Morrison was called to the Bar in 1923 and he took silk in 1934.

MR. GERALD RITCHIE UPJOHN, K.C., AFTER BEING SWORN-IN AS A JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT: Educated at Eton and Cambridge, Mr. Upjohn was called to the Bar in 1929. He was a member of the panel of chairmen for the Coal Industry Nationalisation Act, 1946, and in 1947 became Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster. In 1939 he joined the Welsh Guards and served from 1941 to 1943 as Captain and Technical Adjutant of the 2nd Armoured Battalion. With the rank of Colonel he served as Chief Legal Adviser of the Allied Control Commission in Italy.

HE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR GRIMACES AS THE DUKE TAKES A SHOT AT A PHEASANT : They were the guests of the Count and Countess of Beaumont at a shoot in French-occupied Germany, near the Rhine. Two days later the Duke left for England, subsequently spending three days in London and attending to private affairs. While in London he saw the King at Buckingham Palace and had lunch with his mother, Queen Mary, at Marlborough House. He also attended a party at Bryanston Court, Marylebone, his hosts being his old friends, the Earl and Countess of Dudley. Among the guests were the Duke's former Aide, Major Edward Metcalfe, who first joined his entourage when the Duke visited India as Prince of Wales

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA ARRIVES IN FREMANTLE : Sir Charles Gairdiner and his wife, Lady Gairdiner, seen shortly after their arrival in the *Stratheden*. At Perth Sir Charles was sworn-in by the Administrator, Sir John Dwyer. On the following day he received a civic welcome from the Lord Mayor of Perth and the councillors. In a broadcast address Sir Charles declared that Australia's place in world affairs was increasing daily in importance. "Australia," he said, "may well become the rock on which the whole edifice of peace in the Pacific would rest." Sir Charles Gairdiner is the first British Governor of Western Australia since the retirement of Sir William Campion in 1931.

THE MAN WHO LAID BARE THE NATURE OF THE NORTH KOREAN ATROCITIES : Colonel James M. Hanley, head of the legal section of the U.S. Eighth Army, working at his desk at Pusan, Korea. He recently caused a world-wide stir with his sensational revelation that 6,000 United States prisoners of war in Korea had been put to death by the Communists. Hanley declared that he divulged "the wanton murders in order to let the boys at the front know what they were up against."

NORWAY'S NEW LEADER : Mr. Oscar Torp, former leader of the Norwegian Parliamentary Labour Party and now the Prime Minister, is congratulated by Mr. Einer Gerhardsen (left), who has caused a surprise by his sudden resignation. Mr. Gerhardsen is understood to have said to King Haakon when handing in his resignation that for the last six-and-a-half years since the Liberation he has been Premier, and that he now thinks it reasonable there should be a change in the leadership of the Government. Mr. Torp was Minister of Defence in London in the Norwegian Government in exile during the war.

THE NEW MAYOR OF PARIS : M. Paul Coirre at his desk following his election to the Presidency of the Paris Municipal Council. The government of Paris is unusual. Royal, Imperial and Republican Governments have apparently always been jealous of the city's power, and they have contrived to leave the capital less self-government than any other French city. The special regime under which Paris is administered precludes the twenty arrondissements into which it is divided from electing their own Mayors or conducting their own executive business. The municipal council of eighty votes the municipal budget and elects the President, who carries out the ceremonial functions of Mayor. But effective executive authority rests with the Prefect of Police and the Prefect of the Seine, who share the work.

THE TRIAL OF CELESTIN RINCHARD : The Belgian doctor, once hailed as a hero of the Resistance movement, talking with his counsel at the start of the hearing in Brussels. The indictment is that he denounced a nurse, Madame Lebrun, and that as a result she was sentenced to death for having been a collaborator. Rinchard has also been charged with having denounced patriots to the Germans while, at the same time, posing to fellow-Belgians as a worker in the underground movement. Eight other people have been placed on trial with Rinchard and it is expected that it will take several weeks for the mass of very conflicting evidence to be completed. The Belgian newspapers are calling it "The trial of the century."

ALARMING TIDINGS FROM THE GARAGE

But the Object is to Aid the Motorist

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

I HAVE been getting some frightening documents lately from my local garage. In one post they tell me: "Your car is being wrecked!" By the next I get a disturbing letter asking me: "Are you driving on egg-shaped wheels?"

Rather alarming at the best of times, but particularly so after a lot of late nights attending convivial functions in connection with the Motor and Motor Cycling Shows.

Perhaps I should explain. My garage is not trying to shock me. It is really trying to help me get better motoring—and at the same time increase its own profits—by employing a spirit of enterprise that is all too rare in the motor trade these days.

The letter in which it talks about my car being wrecked was accompanied by a drawing of what purported to be my car, rearing up on its hind wheels and being attacked by a gremlin of the worst possible type. As far as I can gather, the unpleasant little fellow is supposed to be the personification of rattles, rocks, dust, noise, rust and heat.

You may have guessed by now. My garage is trying to get me to have the bottom of my car treated with "Underseal," a rubberised material which is sprayed on the underside of the mudguards, under the bonnet, all over the chassis frame and underneath the floor of the car.

Generally speaking, it is applied to a thickness of one-eighth of an inch and the makers claim that in addition to protecting the vital "under-belly" of your car—to use one of Mr. Churchill's military terms—from wet, flying stones, dust and other enemies, it also insulates the car from many different road noises. The majority of cars in the United States are given this treatment as a matter of course, and it looks as if the idea is also catching on in this country, where cars are called upon to live a much longer working life. Manufacturers are doing much more than formerly, by Bonderising and other processes, to give cars "built-in" protection against rust before they leave the factory, but owners of newly-delivered cars are faced with the prospect of having to get so many miles out of them nowadays that many are taking the extra precaution of having them sprayed underneath with "Underseal" and similar preparations.

Egg-shaped Wheels.—The letter my garage sent me about egg-shaped wheels has a delightful drawing of a car with elliptic wheels of the kind which used to give me great pleasure in carnival processions—and still do, for that matter. They want me to get my wheels checked with their electronic wheel-balancer, which, they claim, eliminates front-end vibration, saves tyre and suspension wear and gives smoother riding, finger-tip steering and safer cornering.

Which is claiming a lot, but friends of mine who were worried into worrying about the "shape" of their wheels and who have had them electronically balanced, tell me they are convinced the car rides more smoothly. It has, of course, long been the vogue for owners of sports cars to have their wheels balanced. The habit is now definitely spreading to the small family saloon.

Insurance Forecasting.—Whether you like it or not, you must be prepared for a further increase in your insurance premiums early next year, and friends of mine in the insurance world say it is not likely to be less than the 12½ per cent. increase imposed last June. The main reason for this pessimistic forecast is the recent increase in the accident rate, the rising cost of repairs (partly due to the new body styles of modern cars)—and the inescapable fact that a 25 per cent. increase has been announced for Eire as from December 1.

I got on to the Automobile Association, that vigilant watchdog of motorists' interests, when I heard this unpleasant insurance rumour, and, as I expected, it has strong views on the subject. "Motorists will want to be convinced," an Association spokesman told me, "that the predicted increase is really unavoidable. If it is a direct result of more and heavier claims and the mounting cost of repairs, we consider that drivers with good records should not be called upon to suffer. There should undoubtedly be discrimination in their favour."

And so say all of us! On the subject of inflated repair bills, one underwriter made this comment: "In the three years from 1946 to 1948 the average cost of accident repairs worked out at roughly between £10 and £15. This year the average has jumped to £30."

A Connoisseur's Car.—After driving about in a 1¼-litre M.G. saloon for quite a bit lately, I am more convinced than ever that it is a real connoisseur's car. It costs a good deal more—£565 plus £315 purchase tax—than the "popular" 1¼-litre British cars (Austin A 40, Hillman Minx and Triumph Mayflower) but you do get the feeling, in driving it, that it is a hand-made car and that the designers have deliberately set out to evolve a vehicle that retains, to a greater degree than most, the essentially British features that delight the hearts of experienced motorists, and particularly those for whom motoring is a hobby as well as a means of transport.

I refer to such things as the central gear-change lever for the four-speed gear-box; a pull-up hand-brake that has not yet found its way to the dashboard; sunshine roof; elegant grained facia; windscreen wipers that are independently controlled and which do not park automatically; bucket seats at the front; headlamps and sidelights that still retain their own identity and are not merged into the general contour of the coachwork; little red panels at the back of the sidelights that let you know in the good old-fashioned way when the bulbs are burning; front mudguards that you can see from the driver's seat; and so on.

Among my criticisms of the M.G. saloon I would list the narrowness of the windscreen; doors which are too small and which do not open far enough, making it difficult for a well-built driver to get into position; tendency to oversteer; and a small luggage-boot which, however, has the saving grace of a lid hinged at the bottom and which can be used for carrying surplus baggage.

Refinements of this lively, handsome little car include an adjustable steering column, a windscreen that opens (how useful it can be in fog!), large dashboard locker and hydraulic jacks. The M.G. saloon—sober and sedate brother of the M.G. sports two-seater—does close on 70 miles an hour, nearly 30 miles to the gallon—and is easy to maintain.

Hastings' Lead.—I see that the *Daily Mail* has been giving the police of the seaside borough of Hastings a pat on the back for its attitude towards motorists. I agree. I was down there for the *Daily Express* motor rally, organised by the Motor Cycling Club in its jubilee year, and it was readily apparent that this enlightened approach to motoring problems is largely due to the initiative of the Chief Constable, Lieut.-Colonel Angus Gordon Cargill.

He is an enthusiastic motorist himself and he also realises how much a town like Hastings is dependant on motorists. He does not think it possible for a police officer who is not himself a driver to be able to understand a motorist's difficulties—yes, and weaknesses—so he insists that every recruit to his borough force must learn to drive. He places a car and instructor at the constable's disposal, but the tuition is given out of duty hours.

Another realistic touch is the chief's policy of placing at least one radio-equipped police car on the sea-front every day during the season—and on every other day on which there are a lot of people about—with a board propped against it carrying the notice: "Police: May we help you?" The officers on duty in the car are equipped to answer most of the thousand-and-one questions which motorists and other seaside visitors are always asking. If these cars are wanted for more urgent duties they can be easily recalled by radio.

If you go to Hastings and leave your car in an awkward position, so that it obstructs other traffic, or if you leave it too long, or without lights, you may find a blue label stuck on the windscreen when you get back. It would be there "with the compliments of the Chief Constable," and it would bear written details of your offence, followed by these printed words: "Your car number has been noted, but it is hoped that this reminder will suffice to prevent a recurrence and so help the police to help you and all motorists." Full marks, Hastings, and bravo, Colonel Cargill.

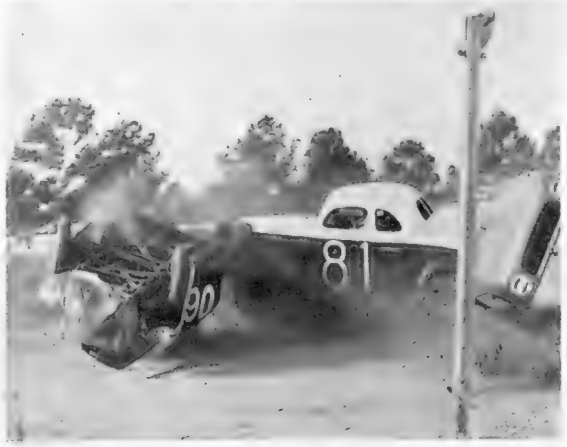
Talking about the police, I was interested in a picture-story from the U.S. telling of a device used by the Seattle "cops" to help motorists check their speedometers. It consists of a large dial, displayed at the back of police cars, showing in lights the speed at which they are travelling. Electrically controlled, and of great accuracy, the device enables a motorist following a police car to see if he really is going at the pace his own speedometer indicates. And woe betide him if he ignores it in a restricted area!

Problems of Dazzle.—The Royal Automobile Club have put out a timely warning about dazzle. They make a well-reasoned appeal to all motorists to make sure that their headlamps are properly adjusted—when they are dipped as well as in the driving position.

Nor do they overlook the new problem created by the arrival of the new double-dipping headlamps now being fitted to most new cars. "We appeal to drivers," says the R.A.C., "not to 'flash' at oncoming cars merely because they depart from the long-established practice of completely extinguishing one lamp.

"Double-dippers give a wider margin of safety and less dazzle than the old dip-and-switch system."

THIS IS CHICAGO'S WORST BOTTLENECK: This jam of motor traffic at the junction of Foster Avenue and Sheridan Road is a daily feature of life in the great city. The city's highway engineers have now decided to right the matter by creating three feeder streets which will distribute traffic to the lake shore, and the whole task will cost £1,000,000. This is only part of a £30,000,000 long-term scheme for ironing-out all Chicago's traffic problems.



A TRIPLE COLLISION DURING STOCK CAR RACES AT JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA: Drivers of all these three cars escaped serious injuries. George Skell, driving the car on the left, was thrown from the spinning vehicle when it rolled over six times after colliding with the centre car. The car on the right rolled over once after hitting the rear of the centre car.

CAN I HELP YOU? ASK THE HASTINGS POLICE: This radio-equipped police car is posted on the sea-front every day during the season, and officers are on duty to answer some of the hosts of queries which motorists and other seaside visitors are always asking. In his article on this page "The Sphere" motoring correspondent stresses the enterprise and good sense of Hastings police force in this and other directions.

THE "OLD CROCKS" RUN TO BRIGHTON

November Weather for the R.A.C. Veteran Car Run

"OLD CROCKS" ON PARADE: The line-up on Madeira Drive, Brighton, at the end of the R.A.C. Veteran Car Run, when 134 out of 147 starters finished the 56-mile course in stormy weather. Rain is one of the worst enemies of the veteran car, and ignition and brake trouble beset many competitors in the annual run to Brighton. Drivers and their passengers in unprotected vehicles were often soaked to the skin despite heavy and weatherproof clothing. That only thirteen cars failed to finish was remarkable and a tribute to the loving care of owners of the ancient machines. The start was at 8.30 a.m. from Hyde Park, and cars had to arrive at Brighton before 4 p.m. to qualify for the souvenir medal. Brixton Hill is always one of the chief hazards and road repairs prevented many competitors from getting the clear run which was their only hope of surmounting it. All along the route, hundreds of spectators braved the weather to cheer on the veterans. Mr. T. W. Lightfoot, of Epsom, drove a 1904 Cadillac which broke down with ignition trouble only 1½ miles from the finish. It was, however, pushed to the check point and arrived two minutes before the time limit

THE LINE-UP IN HYDE PARK: On the left is Mr. D. Solomon's 1904-model Swift and, on the right, Mr. J. Webb's 1902 De Dion Bouton. The run commemorates the famous Emancipation Day run, held in 1897, when the obligation to carry a red flag in front of a car on the road was abolished.

WAITING FOR THE STARTING SIGNAL: Mr. C. M. Vere's 8-h.p. 1904 De Dion Bouton was in front of this line, beside the Serpentine, waiting for the 8.30 a.m. start. A big crowd collected on the Sunday morning to give the veteran cars an enthusiastic send-off. Many also lined the route to Brighton.

A HORSELESS CARRIAGE OF 1904: Mr. G. M. Gee's De Dion Bouton was another of this popular make, with its distinctive radiator, which took part in the Brighton run.

PASSING WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: Mr. A. Booth's 1901 Pick was one of the two-seater-models which braved the Sunday morning gale en route for Madeira Drive.

"A SURREY WITH A FRINGE ON TOP": Mr. Key, once a speedway rider for New Cross, took his wife to Brighton in their 1901-model Renault. There were six women drivers in the event, of whom five finished the course.

ONE OF THE OLDEST CARS IN THE RUN: Commander C. L. Woollard, R.N., and his wife entered an 1896 vintage Leon Bollée. They are seen at the start in Hyde Park.

A 3½-H.P. HURTU DOG-CART CROSSES WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: The car was built in 1897 and was entered by Mr. J. Pidgeon. The oldest car in the veteran's run was the 1895 Lutzmann, which finished the course.

STIRLING MOSS KEEPS TO 15 M.P.H.: The famous racing motorist acted as co-driver with Bob Gregory in his 1904 Darracq. The steady rain, which fell during most of the run, kept speeds down—well below the 30 m.p.h. limit.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

TWO NOVELS IN BRUTAL CONTRAST

Mary Hamilton's "The Silver Road" and Ion Braby's "Flower in the Gutter" Both Command Attention

MRS. MARY HAMILTON, who died recently, left behind her a completed manuscript of quite notable charm, in THE SILVER ROAD (Wingate. 12s. 6d.). This, in the light guise of a novel, is in fact a gently told autobiography in which, sometimes to the disappointment of readers, good manners always weigh more heavily in the balance than good reporting. Nevertheless, it reads like a true chronicle of its times and of the young officer—Robert was commissioned in 1887 to the 12th Hussars—and his still younger bride. There is an enchantment about it in its very reticence, and its insistence on mild anecdotes of soldier servants and garden-parties, which mask but never hide the poignancy of the fact that the author was a soldier's wife and never forgot for a week or a day the precariousness of her happiness. This book is touching in the extreme, and it gains rather than loses, from being written in the style of the past generation.

There is an almost brutal contrast between this and the next novel, FLOWER IN THE GUTTER (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), a story of Berlin immediately after the war, in the first months of the Allied occupation. Then, the terrors of the bombardment were exchanged, with the coming of the Russians, for other, equally horrific fears and there was the period of denunciation and counter-denunciation, of hunger and blackmail, which made a hell out of life that must still be primarily occupied with getting food and shelter enough to survive. Mr. Ion Braby, whose first novel this is, writes with fire and yet with a literary discipline, as if, not to carry the analogy too far, he held a flame-thrower and still knew how to control and check it. The only happy thing about this grim novel, in fact, is the promise of his talent for the future.

THE ART OF SNAFFLES: These four vignettes are from the dust-jacket of *Four-Legged Friends and Acquaintances* (Collins. 25s.), a new illustrated volume of reminiscences by one of our foremost sporting artists. The book is packed with all manner of stories grave and gay from the hunting field and the race-course, from the show-ring and the farmyard.

MIDDLE HEAVEN (Redman. 10s. 6d.) is a story of present-day Japan, written with great sympathy by Miss Mona Gardner, and already acclaimed across the Atlantic as some sort of a Japanese version of *The Good Earth*. I suppose it may be salutary to read so mild and friendly a disquisition on those "clever little people, the Japanese," but it is still too early to forget that they were the same Japanese who instituted the horrors of the Burma Road. What a queer people are the Anglo-Saxons, who are capable of writing so well, like Miss Gardner, and on such themes.

APPOINTMENT WITH VENUS (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is a novel which has currently been filmed with some success. This must be just the result that Mr. Jerrard Tickell must have wished for it, since it is a light-hearted story, never oblivious of courage or loyalty, but deliberately kept to that under-stated key which English people often appreciate more than heroics. The plot is simple and very funny if it were not for the physical danger involved.

Told in plain, straightforward language, and illustrated with line drawings, which should make it attractive to younger readers, THE ESCAPE OF THE PRINCE (Evans. 8s. 6d.) is the story of the flight of Bonnie Prince Charlie after the Battle of Culloden. From the map in the end-papers, as clearly as from Jane Lane's narration, one can trace the course he took back and forth across the Highlands, twisting and turning, doubling on his tracks, crossing the sea to the islands, back again, and, finally, off to France and safety. I found this novel satisfying in its very simplicity and lack of airs, and shall certainly remember it for my young friends.

The first two volumes of THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM (Heinemann. 12s. 6d. each) have now appeared, and the remaining one will appear before Christmas, when, together, they will be the definitive edition. In his preface to the first one Mr. Maugham says that he does not expect ever to write another short story, and explains that he has taken immense care to arrange those he has written in the most readable order, "for," he writes, "though to be read is not the motive that impels the author to write, his motive is other, once he has written his desire is to be read, and in order to achieve that he must do his best to make what he writes readable." I don't think I need add that the present selection, which begins with the world-famous *Rain*, is a great deal more than readable. Being able to study and re-study his stories in this way (there are thirty-three in volume I and twenty-seven in volume II), gives one a fresh realisation of the superlative craftsman that Maugham is, whether in the tension of a tale such as *Before the Party*, or the humour and brevity of *The Ant and the Grasshopper*. Consider the immense variety he has achieved—I cannot recall any writer of short stories in the English language whose work is even comparable.

COME TO THE BALL (Benn. 8s. 6d.) is the light-hearted and, indeed, sparkling result of a good idea that Mr. Reginald Arkell and Sir Alan Herbert had one day, when they decided to write a new libretto for *Die Fledermaus*. The authors have imagined Johann Strauss saying to them, in effect: "It 's bound to be old-fashioned but need it be *quite* so old-fashioned? See what you can do, will you?—without doing anything drastic. And for goodness' sake, do something to that Third Act, which always worried all of us." Cautiously, as they explain, they have acted on that brief and, as they are too modest to add, they have produced a small enchantment.

SUNRISE TO SUNSET (John Long. 10s. 6d.) gives one a rather heart-sinking first impression of being another of those overlong and over-romantic novels about beaux and belles in pre-Civil War America, but, in fact, it is a good deal better than that, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams has really written a thoroughly interesting story, with only a few of the expected trappings, of the industrial expansion of the United States, as it began to be seen in the 1830's. The scenes in the clothes factories and the mill are particularly effective and give the book its authenticity. All in all, this is several cuts above the usual crinoline drama.

Any book that opens with the words: "I probably never would have become America's leading fire-eater if Flamo the Great hadn't happened to explode that night in front of Krinko's Great Combined Carnival Side Shows," has my vote every time. And to precede this with a photograph of Mr. Dan Mannix, the book's author, actually swallowing several feet of sword is, you will admit, bizarre enough to catch anyone's attention. MEMOIRS OF A SWORD-SWALLOWER (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is, in one sense, a conventional book, since it describes a man's career and the stages by which he reaches proficiency in his following. But there convention stops and there is nothing run-of-the-mill about any of the pages after that. I enjoyed it immensely. I hesitate to suggest that others should have a stab at it.

HITLER'S STRATEGY (Cambridge University Press. 18s.) depends for its existence as a book on the capture of the complete German naval archives. Mr. F. H. Hinsley tells the extraordinary story with great economy and effect, the story of Hitler's own lonely intentions: what he thought he was achieving in invading Norway, in preparing for (but never implementing) the invasion of England, in making a partner of Mussolini, in seeking to win Franco, and Gibraltar, in attacking Russia. He could not profit by his mistakes. He could only believe that in spite of them his major purposes must prevail. "Because his own ego was the only thing that ever really counted," writes Mr. Hinsley, "he was never in doubt that, rather than give way, he would sacrifice everything, even the German nation itself, if final victory or a stalemate should escape him; and what is astonishing is not that he took this view, but that the Germans accepted it so fully for so long."

Seven Specialised Publications

IN THE STEPS OF THE CLANSMEN (Rich and Cowan. 15s.) *by James Alan Rennie, and with a foreword by Flora Mrs. MacLeod of MacLeod, recounts the part the Clansmen played in Scottish history.*

SIXTY YEARS OF THEATRE (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.), *by Ernest Short, includes material from two of the author's previous books. It is described as a Theatrical Omnibus.*

A new addition to the Londoner's Library is Frank Swinnerton's **THE BOOKMAN'S LONDON** (Allan Wingate. 15s.).

THE ART OF SEEING ART (Shelley Castle. 36s.), *by Professor Matteo Marangoni, contains 144 illustrations covering a period of 2,000 years.*

CATS (The Harvill Press. 21s.) *is a collection of studies by Ylla, the animal photographer. There is a foreword by A. D. Hippisley-Coxe.*

The latest addition to the Faber Monographs on Pottery and Porcelain is Bernard Rackham's **EARLY STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY** (Faber and Faber. 25s.).

A ROUND OF GOLF COURSES (Evans Brothers. 18s.) *is a Selection of the Best 18 by Patric Dickinson. There is a foreword by Bernard Darwin.*

With Mountbatten in India

An Eye-witness Story of his Mission

The transfer of power by partition in India has been perhaps the most fateful happening in world affairs since the Second World War. Charged with facilitating that move was a man of vast military and almost no political experience, a man of driving force and charm of manner, and he was confronted by two powerful Asiatic leaders in Mohammed Ali Jinnah, President of the All-India Muslim League, and Mahatma Gandhi, "the father of the nation," who somehow or other he had to bring to terms before the structure of Indian society foundered amid racial violence and anarchy. In these conditions of stress and strain, working at speed amid setbacks and distractions, the last Viceroy carried through his headlong task—for haste he conceived to be the vital factor in such urgent times. As chance would have it, there was on his high-powered staff a young man who had already shown his ability as a historian and who had the good sense to keep a day-to-day record of events as the new Dominions of India and Pakistan were carved from the great sub-continent. That man was Alan Campbell-Johnson, history scholar of Christ Church, Oxford, who worked in Delhi as the Viceroy's Press Attaché and had previously been with him in South-East Asia Command during the final and decisive phase of the Far Eastern war. In MISSION WITH MOUNTBATTEN (Robert Hale. 25s.), Mr. Campbell-Johnson records the inter-play of personalities at the hour of decision. This inner history of the transfer of power, indeed, focuses entirely on personalities. For Mountbatten's role was essentially that of establishing personal relationships, notably where none had existed before. We see the Viceroy interviewing the leaders in close sequence, gaining their confidence despite frosty beginnings, making résumés of his conversations for the benefit of his staff, and delving indefatigably amid the subtleties of the Eastern mind. Nehru and Liaquat Ali Khan, the heirs of Gandhi and Jinnah, Vallabhhai Patel and Rajagopalachari, and the fabulous Nizam all emerge from these closely-documented pages the clearer for Mr. Alan Campbell-Johnson's exposition, and the Viceroy himself, who had sown the seeds of understanding, whose mission was one of achievement and success mingled with sorrow and disaster, is shown amid all the glitter of his high office as a liberalising influence who understood with fine exactitude the nature of his task. His was imaginative leadership, and it seems that the blood-bath of the Punjab can in no wise be laid at his door. In hastening partition as he did, the Viceroy was clearly heeding the frank warnings of Hindu and Muslim alike that the situation in India could not for long be controlled. That is, at any rate, how this able young historian, this closest of close observers, sees it, and we can be grateful for Mr. Campbell-Johnson's voluminous note-taking, for his keen eye for essentials; in fact, for his expert moulding of the raw material of history.

And now what of the India that followed partition? Here is another eye-witness account, and this time from the pen of Vera Brittain, who in SEARCH AFTER SUNRISE (Macmillan. 15s.), describes a winter spent in the Far East. She went to India with a mind well prepared, with an understanding of the loftier aspects of Indian nationalism; for these pages show very clearly the influence of Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian humanitarian and poet, and of Sarojini Naidu, the Indian poetess. Miss Brittain writes of the new India with deep sympathy, and has much that is significant to say of the character of Nehru, who, without having adopted Gandhi's programme and perhaps with no claim to the halo of a saint, has none the less acquired, she says, much of Gandhi's authority. Nehru's insistence upon democratic practices obviously augurs well for the new India.

What was life like in the British Army in the days of Wellington and the Peninsular War? Well, this week we may take our choice of authorities, the cavalry general or the foot-slogger in the ranks, and both volumes of correspondence are Book Society recommendations. In PENINSULAR CAVALRY GENERAL (Harrap. 15s.), T. H. McGuffie presents the correspondence of Lieut.-General Robert Ballard Long, an able and perceptive soldier with a workmanlike literary style. In THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE WHEELER (Michael Joseph. 18s.), Captain B. H. Liddell Hart presents an edited version of the writings of an even more perceptive soldier who wrote home in the same good-humoured grousing way as millions have done after him. Of the two, the General and the ranker, Wheeler is far the more lively. He tells of brutal floggings, of even more brutal field surgery, and writes of his comrades and officers with wit and with frankness; and he himself emerges as a very attractive personality. The General is no less frank, but his letters are pitched in rather more lofty vein.

Those who have been reading the serialised version of Sir Frederick Ponsonby's memoirs will doubtless welcome the whole volume entitled RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE REIGNS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). Here is the most entertaining gossip from one of the great courtiers of his age. In the service of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and King George V, Sir Frederick spent more than forty years.

Two new volumes for the ballet enthusiast are SADLER'S WELLS BALLET GOES ABROAD, by Franklin White (Faber and Faber. 25s.) and ALICIA MARKOVA, by Gordon Anthony (Phœnix House. 15s.).

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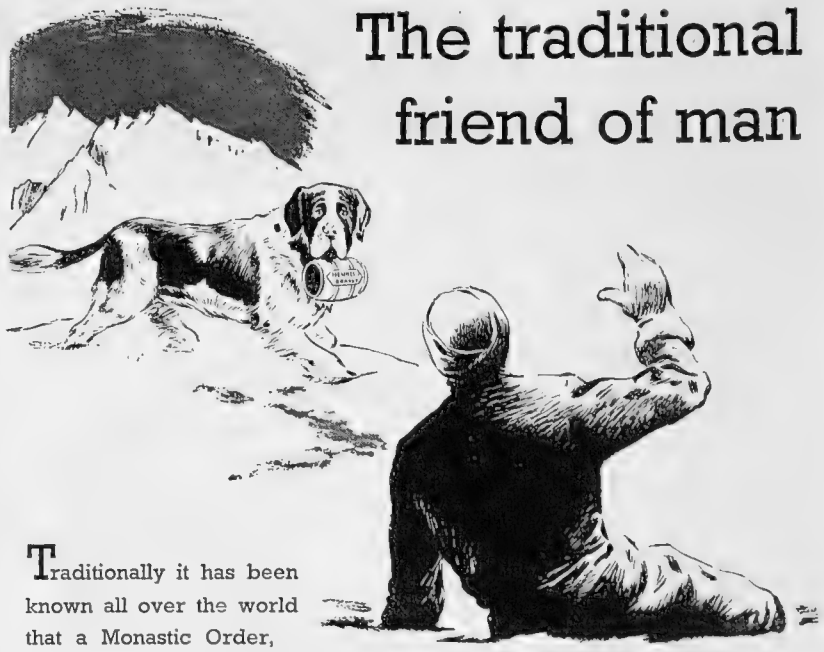

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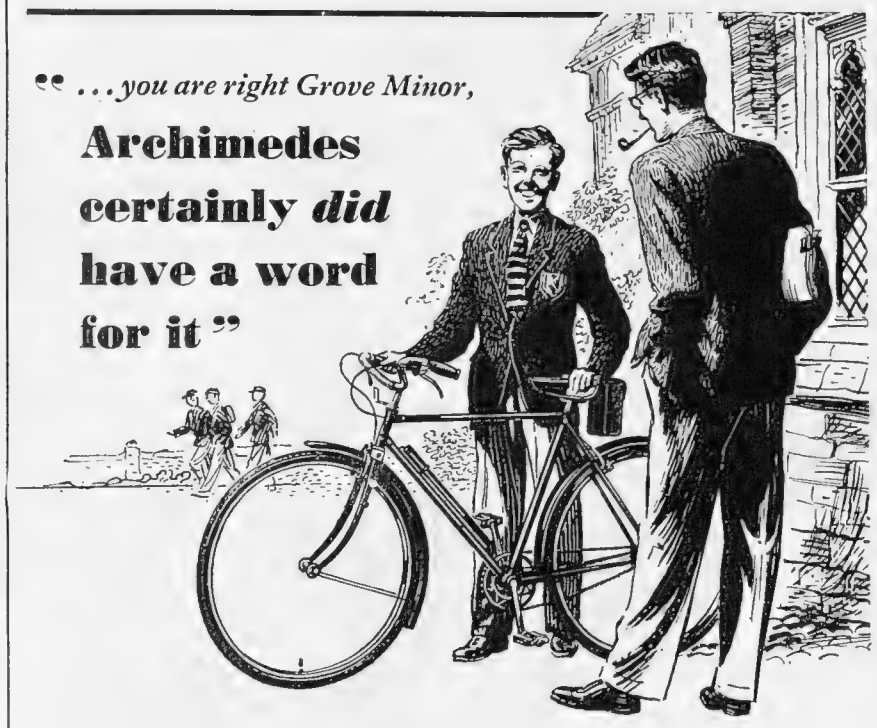

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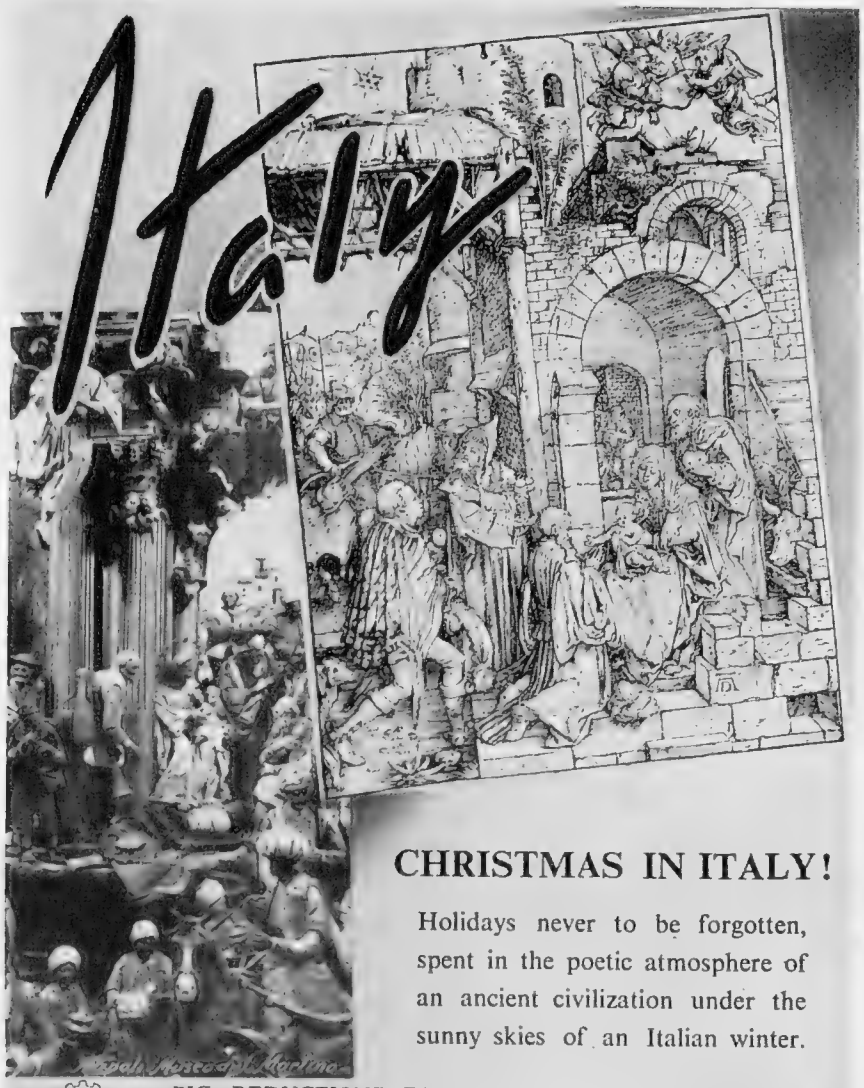

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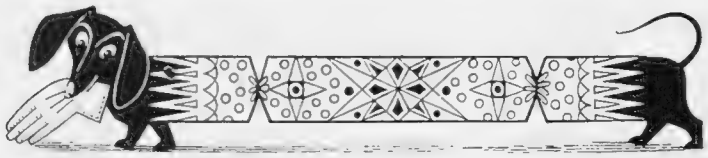

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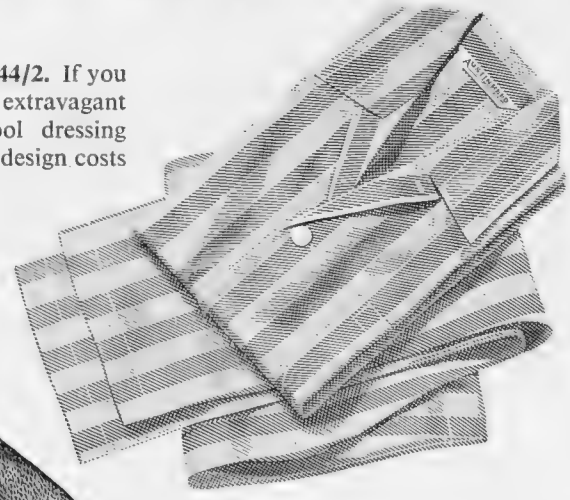

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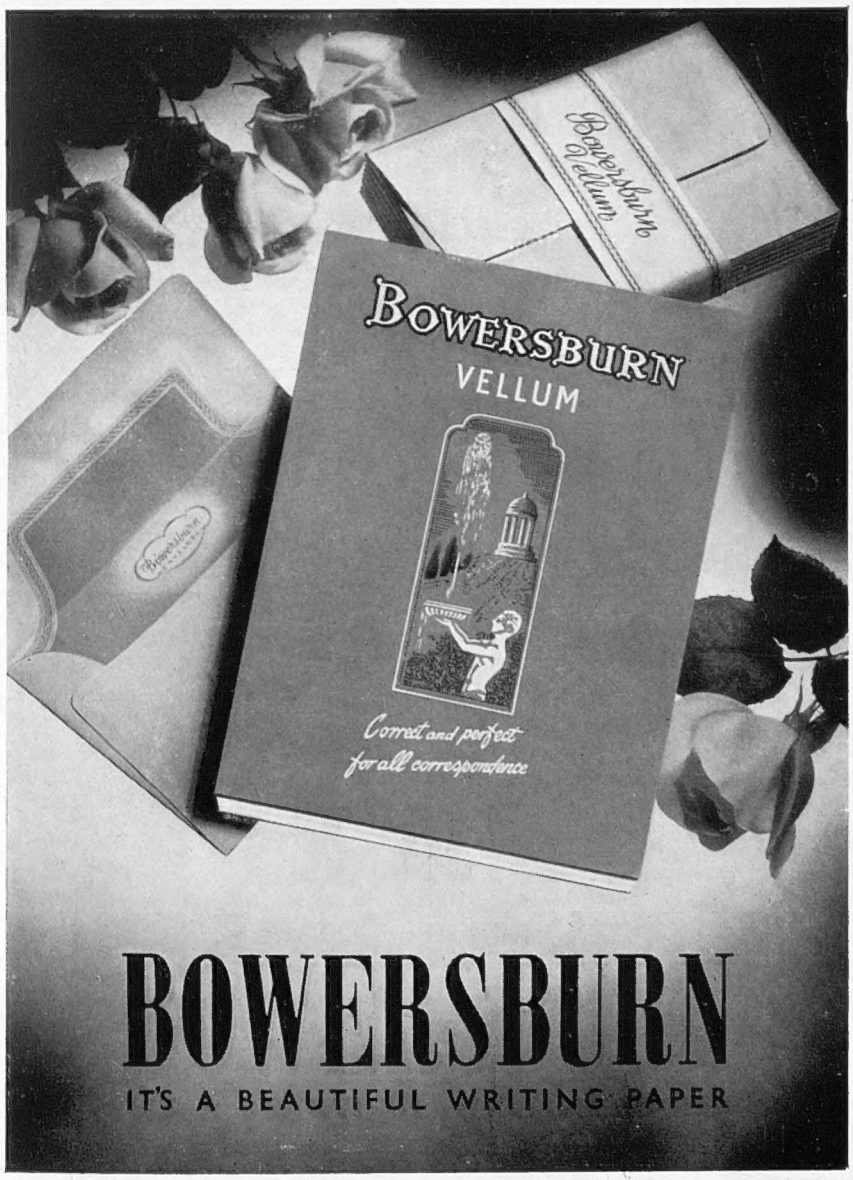

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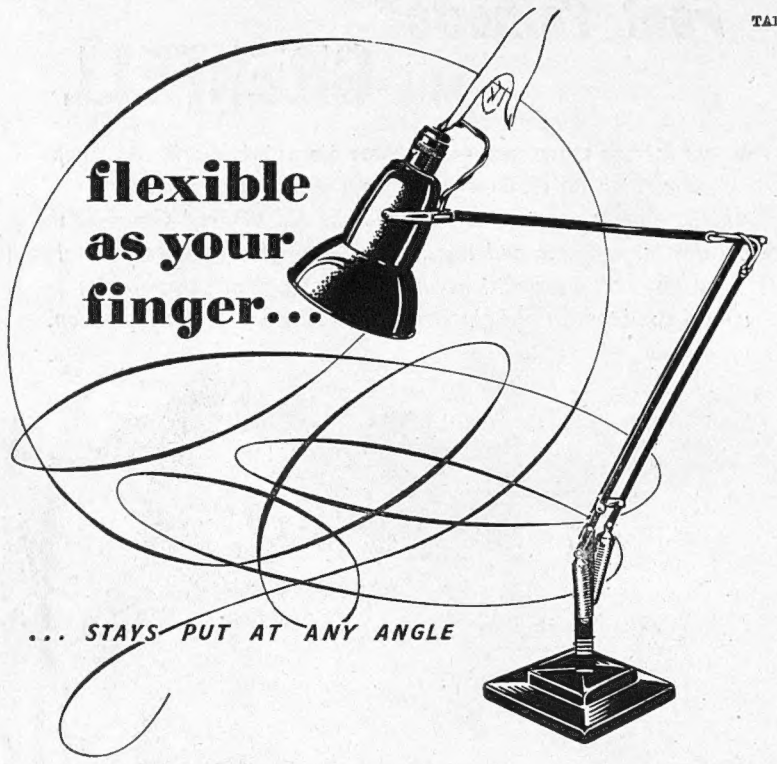

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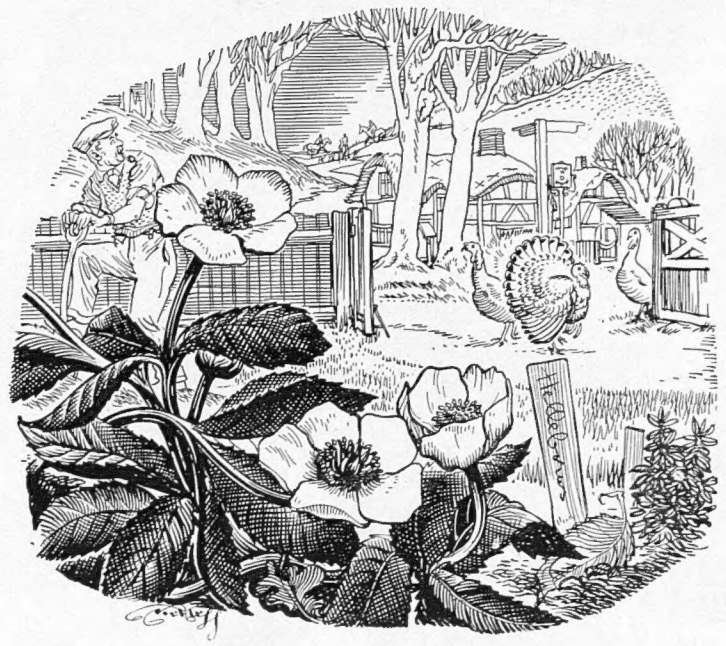

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